

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1870.

The Week.

IN exactly eighteen days from the formal declaration of war, after one slight skirmish, and two days of heavy fighting, the Emperor, who has for four years been scheming and preparing for this contest, who entered upon it with the haughtiness and peremptoriness of a foregone conqueror, who was so eager for it that he seized upon the weakest of occasions for bringing it on at once, and appeared as if he could not get it soon enough; who has done nothing well if, in the army which has held down France and threatened Europe, he has not an army invincible in battle—in just eighteen days of war, and three days of actual fighting, he finds his soldiers outmarched and outfought, his marshals and generals outmanœuvred; the chassepot and a Frenchman no match for the Prussian with his needle-gun and bayonet; his armies driven back with the inevitable force which drove the Austrians in upon Vienna in 1866; his capital in a state of siege, and himself compelled to confess disastrous defeat, and call upon the people not to illuminate their houses for the occupation of Berlin, but to prepare to fight under the walls of Paris first, and man them afterwards. It was astonishing to the world to see a historic monarchy, illustrious like Austria, tumbled down in a seven weeks' war; but, till this campaign of less than a week, nothing like the performances of the elder Napoleon at his best has been seen in Europe.

To be sure, all is not over, even as between France and Prussia alone, to say nothing of European complications, involving other powers, which, however, are far more likely to come after a peace has been conquered than to come in either a hostile or peaceful form till the work is essentially done. There would seem, as we write, to be little doubt that the Prussians have, but to show the skill and efficiency which they have shown already in such an extraordinary degree, in order to make so speedy an end of the war as hardly to afford opportunity for decisive interference. The result so far is probably mainly due to the presence at the front of the Emperor himself, notoriously vacillating, and, to say the very least, not proved a fair soldier; but it can hardly be that all the mismanagement can be attributable to him; nor, if that were so, that the sudden apparent collapse of the French army is due wholly to mismanagement on the part of him or the other French leaders. It looks very much as if the Prussian soldier were a heavier and quicker hitter than the French, and as if the mitrailleuse and the chassepot—which have been vaunted in a manner not very suggestive of the old French self-confidence—were inferior to the improved Prussian arms. As to the leaders on the two sides, the superiority is certainly with the Prussians.

On Tuesday, Aug. 2, the French army, to use the words of the official dispatch, "took the offensive, crossed the frontier, and invaded the territory of Prussia." It carried the heights which overlook Saarbrück, and the artillery drove the enemy from the town. It was a division of Gen. Frossard's command which achieved the feat. Napoleon himself was present, with "Louis" in front, "where the bullets fell." And "Louis keeps a ball he picked up." The soldiers weep at the sight of the boy's admirable coolness. The Emperor, having witnessed his boy's "baptism of fire," returns to his headquarters at Metz, and Metz is illuminated; so is Châlons-sur-Marne, the headquarters of Marshal Canrobert. The Empress goes with her ladies to Notre Dame des Victoires, to render public thanks to Heaven for the success achieved. Reports spoke of the splendid *élan* of the victorious troops, and of the wonders worked by the mitrailleuses. In short, the campaign was opened by a feeble *coup de théâtre*. The fact was, the heights overlooking the Saar and the small town of Saarbrück were taken almost without a struggle, the insignificant Prussian detachments

stationed there being neither inclined nor ordered to make a useless resistance to an overwhelming force.

The real opening of the campaign was to take place at another spot, and it was the Prussians who were to make it. On Thursday, the 4th, a strong force belonging to the left wing of the Prussian army, the Prince Royal's, and consisting of Prussians and Bavarians, crossed the frontier river Lauter, between Lauterburg and Weissenburg, surprised General Douay's division of the First French Army Corps—MacMahon's—and under the eyes of the Prince assaulted and carried the fortifications of Weissenburg and the heights beyond them. The victory was dearly bought, but the rout of the French was complete. Gen. Douay—who, however, must not be confounded with the general of the same name commanding the Seventh French Army Corps at Belfort—was killed. A considerable number of prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. The affair was hailed by the Prussians as the auspicious beginning of a powerful move designed to pierce the excessively long French front line, and to cut off MacMahon's corps from its connections with the French centre and left. At Paris and Metz, the news, following so rapidly upon the farcical Saarbrück performance, fell like a thunderbolt. The prestige of the French arms was gone if Weissenburg was not immediately retaken. The task of retaking it was MacMahon's.

MacMahon, the bulk of whose army corps was concentrated in the vicinity of Hagenau, between Strasbourg and Weissenburg, was not slow in recognizing the danger which threatened him, and, without loss of time, advanced to meet the Prince Royal. Neither did the latter hesitate in moving forward to reap the full fruits of his victory before the French could recover from the stunning effects of their first defeat. The march of the two armies was plainly indicated by the circumstances. The Prussians, to achieve the isolation of MacMahon, advanced south-west, from Weissenburg; MacMahon, to obviate it, north-west, from Hagenau. They met on Saturday, the 6th, near Wörth, a place almost equally distant from Weissenburg and Hagenau, and, like these towns, belonging to the Alsatian department of the Lower Rhine. We have few details of the great battle that was fought there, nor do we know, even approximatively, the number of troops engaged on either side. Probably, the army of the Prince had received reinforcements, after its Weissenburg victory, from its reserves near Landau and Carlsruhe. MacMahon, we know, had been reinforced by several divisions of the Fifth French Army Corps, Faily's, concentrated around Bitsch. The result of the battle was the total defeat of the French. The Prussians captured thirty cannon, six mitrailleuses, two eagles, and four thousand prisoners. The remnants of the beaten army, not to be entirely cut off, abandoned their Alsatian base, and retreated westward, thus entirely uncovering Strasbourg. The Prince Royal reported them moving towards Bitsch, where they probably expected to join the remainder of Faily's corps. This junction, however, did not immediately take place.

On the same day, Saturday, the 6th, another battle was fought on the Saar, between the forces commanded by Gen. Von Steinmetz, of the Prussian army commanded by Prince Frederic Charles, and the Second French Corps, commanded by Gen. Frossard. The latter had begun a retreat, made imperative by the threatening advance of the Prussians, when the enemy, naturally anxious to prevent his command from joining Faily, and thus menacing the right flank of the Crown Prince, came up with him, west of Saarbrück, near the Spiehren hills. Gen. Kamers, with the Fourteenth Division, immediately began the attack on the strong position of the French. Hearing the sound of the cannon, portions of other divisions hastened to his assistance. Gen. Von Goeben took command, and a fierce and bloody struggle raged until nightfall. The heights of Spiehren were carried at the point of the bayonet, and the French thrown back on Forbach. Here, too,

they were overtaken—the Fifteenth Division of Von Steinmetz's command, which had advanced on a different route, coming up with them. Night covered the further retreat of the French, who left their camp equipage and many prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The whole advanced French line was now thrown back. The remnants of Frossard's command retreated towards Metz; those of MacMahon's and Faily's fell back, in an almost opposite direction, upon Saverne, thence to continue their retreat to Nancy. The armies of the two Princes immediately began a vigorous pursuit, the advance of Frederic Charles for a while interrupting all communication between the beaten left wing of the French and the corps collecting under the eyes of the Emperor around Metz.

The sick Emperor seems to have been entirely unnerved by these unexpected and terrible blows. The situation was, indeed, perplexing in the extreme. Around him, fragments of beaten or half-formed corps; before him, two rapidly advancing victorious armies, followed by fresh floods of invaders; behind him, discontented reserves and Paris almost in a frenzy. The truth could not be concealed. He spoke it out without reserve. He possibly magnified the danger. Through lugubrious appeals issued by the Empress Regent, he implored the people to save the threatened capital—to "save the country." He was going to place himself at the centre of the military position; the Empress promised to be first where the danger was greatest. The people of Paris were implored and warned not to indulge in agitations, and promised a vigorous defence. To give effect to both warning and promise, the state of siege was proclaimed in the capital. The Senate and Corps Législatif were convoked. The expeditionary force which was to sail with the Baltic fleet was summoned back to join in the defence of the interior. Marshal Bazaine was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and Gen. Trochu, instead of Lebœuf, Major-General of the army. Works were hurriedly begun to strengthen the fortifications of both Paris and Metz—a great battle in front of this fortress being regarded as imminent. And according to latest reports, the Emperor's headquarters have been removed from that fortress to Châlons-sur-Marne, the Prussian advance having passed St. Avold.

The conduct of the Parisians during the excited battle week was entirely worthy of the spirit of childish recklessness with which they had rushed into the war vortex after such stupid leaders as Paul de Cassagnac and his fellow German-eaters, and such well-known lying prophets as Émile de Girardin. The boulevards resounded night and day with war clamors and the bellowing of the Marseillaise, which, by the bye, is as appropriate a war-song for the followers of Napoleon on a campaign of invasion as the Song of Poland would be for a horde of Cossacks fighting the countrymen of Kosciuszko. People suspected as sympathizers with Prussia were hunted in the streets, and even threatened in their houses. There was no end to the elation of the mobs when false reports announced successes. This elation turned into rage as extravagant when the official organs first withheld the news, and into mad fury when the true course of events was made known. The Marseillaise was now sung with a different intent. Poor Ollivier was compelled to announce to a mob collected around his mansion that the unfortunate man who had spread the news of a French *victory* would be severely punished. The excitement has since taken a more decidedly revolutionary and, as it seems, a more patriotic turn, encouraging the more respectable leaders of the opposition to come forward. A number of deputies, assembled at the Palace of the Corps Législatif, have signed a declaration demanding the immediate arming of all citizens of Paris. Among the signers are mentioned Jules Favre, Crémieux, Esquiros, Garnier-Pagès, Arago, Pelletan, Picard, and Jules Simon. And the ministry are compelled to warn Paris against "rising." The terrible word "abdication" begins to be whispered in higher circles. [As we go to press a report comes of the fall of the Ollivier ministry amid much confusion in the Chambers and ominous proposals from the opposition of all shades.]

We are glad to be able to call the attention of our readers to the letter from the Rhine, written by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, which we print

elsewhere, and which will be followed by others. Despite the Cable's contradictions, and despite surveillance, the telegraph has rendered entirely obsolete the sending by mail of mere news. But Mr. Kapp, who has access to the very best sources of information, will send facts of a kind that will be useful when the immediate news of the day will be of no interest.

As we suspected last week, the noise of the Holden party papers in North Carolina and their loud exhortations to the faithful, and the Governor's course in levying troops in what seemed an entirely causeless way, were all foreshadowings of a Republican defeat, to call it so, and a Democratic victory in the State. Yet North Carolina gave Grant more than twelve thousand majority a year and a half ago; the people of the western part of the State, strongly against secession in 1860 and good Republicans up to this last year, went anti-Republican; in the counties that the Governor put under martial law, and which would presumably have gone Democratic, there was a pretty general abstinence from voting on the part of the Democrats. So whether really to call this a Democratic victory it is not easy to say. The truth, so far as we can make out, is about this: In North Carolina, as elsewhere in the South, the majority of the whites have lost all confidence in the honesty of the dominant party; the North Carolina Legislature no more than that of South Carolina has escaped the charge of extreme rascality and waste, though the reputation of the South Carolinian is of course much worse than that of the other; the Governor is thought not free from complicity with certain railway jobbers; Judge Tourgee, a Republican judge of the Supreme Court of the State—whose district is in the region part of which is under martial law—testifies that there has been commission of outrages, yet says that the Governor's course in levying troops "did not meet with his entire approval;" and what the Judge says of the Governor in print we may be sure thousands of obscurer men said to each other, and, voting accordingly, the State, whether or not it has gone Democratic, has been very deliberately taken out of the hands of the people in whose hands it has been for the last few years. That these people were Republicans is so much the worse for the Republican party. Over the immediate result no decent Republican need bemoan himself, and it is gratifying to see how few the party papers are that keep up the regulation talk of four years ago about loyalty. Mr. Aaron Alpeoria Bradley would not to-day, we fancy, be received with boisterous cheers in Cooper Institute, though we fear that still for a year or two Mr. Harrison Reed, of Florida, and Mr. Richard Busted will be invited to seats on the platform. Of the seven North Carolina representatives, five are "Conservative" and two Republican—a Republican loss of four; the Legislature is Conservative, and that ensures the loss of Senator Abbott, who indeed is no great loss.

If a thing to be learned from the North Carolina election is that Southern Republicanism must be more honest and intelligent than it has been of late, and that the Northern Republican, as well as the benighted Democrat, has certain "dead issues" to get out of the way, the thing to be learned from the South Carolina nominations is, that negro senators and representatives may be looked for regularly, and that the colored man has definitely decided that he will no longer "take a back seat." Mr. C. C. Bowen's district he is to contest with a mulatto named De Large, who will probably be returned; Mr. Hoge, and one or two more, give way to negroes; the State Convention was presided over by a negro who is an intimate friend of Mr. Whittemore; and there are other indications besides the proposed election of Mr. Cardozo to the Senate that the colored voter has decided on striking high. In Kentucky, where the negro has just become a voter, but where the opposition to his voting would be as great as anywhere else in the country, he has added about twenty thousand to the Republican strength in the recent election. In Tennessee there are Democratic gains.

In the Fourth Congressional District of Missouri, there is some trouble in the Republican party in regard to the new nomination to Congress. Some members of the party wish to nominate an avowed protectionist, he giving none but general pledges of "soundness on the main question"—of some years since. Special pledges are scouted. He

is a good Republican, always "served the party," and pushed the Amendment, and to ask him whether he voted to reduce taxation on sugar, or steel rails, or salt, or to ask him to pledge himself that he will vote for revenue reform, would be, it is held, an "insult to his record." That he should go up to Washington unpledged and vote for Mr. Dennis McCarthy's salt monopoly in return for Mr. McCarthy's vote for his iron monopoly or "land-grab," seems to be thought a proper way to recognize his love for the negro and his services to the country when many were succumbing to the slave power and despairing of the Republic. But there are many people who never succumbed to the slave power, nor despaired of the Republic, who think Mr. McCarthy's salt-works a mere robbery of the people, and who think, in general, of the protectionist system, that the wit of Solomon could not frame a plan of protection whereby all "interests" may be protected; and that no man with a thousandth part of the wit of any average man can fail to see that, where there is to be any actual "protection," nearly all businesses must be taxed to pay a bounty to those really protected. Which is injustice to all, and favoritism to a few at the expense of the many. One such man, sound on the main question of 1865, and on what is to many people the main question of 1870, lives in the district above-mentioned, and there is talk among some of the Republicans of putting him in nomination for the vacant seat, and asking the Democrats to vote for him. Hereupon there is outcry, and charges are made that these people aim at smashing up the Republican party. How, is not stated. If a sufficient number of Democrats can be got to vote for a Republican without shame and without reproach—and all the more likely to be if he is independent enough to be a revenue reformer or free-trader in a high protectionist district—it is not at once perceptible how Republican principles are sacrificed. The question is not of sending a Democrat to Congress in place of a Republican, but sending there a person who is not of the opinion held by some Republicans, that a protective tariff is a necessary or even useful plank in a Republican platform. That other question is coming up, however, and Republicans not tender in the answers they make to questioners are ready, we see, to give it a harsh answer.

Nowhere else in the world, surely, could such a case have occurred as that of young Real, who was hanged last week in this city. It shows in clear light the workings of our present system of municipal government. Real was an illiterate young Irishman, known as a petty thief and as a desperado, and he was an influential politician of one of our up-town wards. When he died he really had some excuse for thinking himself ill-used because, instead of being hanged for murder, he was not holding a place in the Court of General Sessions like the murderer Jackson, or "resigning" a clerkship in the Common Council on account of having committed a rape in the council-room. Two years ago he killed in cold blood a policeman whose life he had previously attempted—an attempt for which he was, at the time of the murder, under bail. Nearly two years ago he was convicted of this crime on the plainest of "evidence," and the judge who sentenced him was publicly praised for his courage in daring to do so. Perhaps he deserved praise—pleasing as it is to think so—for his court-room is said to have been filled with roughs, threatening death to judge and jury if Real was sentenced; and perhaps, it is said, he did not. Real was "known to be out of favor with Tammany," and to have favored Mr. H. C. Murphy for Governor of the State instead of Mr. Hoffman. He was hanged at last, showing, by the bye, a degree of nerve and a force of will that gave the lie, as emphatically as his three shootings did, to his tale of long-endured abuse at the hands of the man he killed; and his death was the occasion of the publishing of a "last appeal," which is a mere "electioneering document," issued when all hope had gone, prepared by the politicians who surrounded him, perhaps not so much as signed by him, and, plainly, on the face of it, given to the world to hurt the "chances" of Hoffman and Hall—whose chances it indeed will, no doubt, to some extent hurt. His funeral took place on Sunday, and the body was attended to the grave by more than a hundred carriages, and by several thousands of people in procession, of whom some will remember him when they come to vote. "Tammany let him hang," the cry was among his friends; or was the cry that was

put into their mouths. The whole case, in all its circumstances, is a perfect specimen of "politics," as politics flourish in this city. An essential distinction between the "politics" of the other attendant circumstances of the affair and the triumphant procession of Sunday, the apotheosis of lawlessness as opposed to law, may not be easy to find. But, at best, the latter was more within the immediate grasp of the police, and Superintendent Jourdan, or whoever could take order in the matter, might very well have had the murderer's body buried in the jail-yard or elsewhere in secrecy. As it is, Real's funeral counteracted ten times over any good effect his execution may have had.

Gen. Banks's views of the war in Europe might have been expected to be original and profound. He had a chance to air them last Friday at the annual reunion of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Gulf, in Boston. There was no particular reason, he said, why we should sympathize with either of the belligerents, our sympathy being regulated by the facts that "our Constitution, as interpreted by the supreme judicial tribunal, makes it impossible for us to acquire territory by war," and that "Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Hungary, and probably Russia, sympathize less with" Prussia than with France. This is still further enforced by the doctrine that "our interest is not with imperial dynasties, but with the people, and the small progressive states of Europe," namely, those just enumerated, plus Italy, Holland, and Belgium. "Wherever they lead," says this extraordinary Chairman of Committee on Foreign Affairs, "our sympathies may safely follow; but until they make their sign, neutrality is our line of duty." In two of these states the "sign" has certainly not been ambiguous, and we should like to see Gen. Banks's "sympathies" following at one and the same time the lead of Denmark and of Belgium. It would be tolerably difficult to follow the sympathies of Italy alone, she being under the greatest obligations to both France and Prussia, and, therefore, entertaining feelings which are properly somewhat mixed. In short, the rule laid down by Gen. Banks, if attempted to be carried out, would land a man in the lunatic asylum in forty minutes.

The Chinese question also received passing attention in the same "oration," in one of those sounding but utterly empty phrases which Massachusetts politicians are accustomed to laugh at in their sleeves when sitting on the platform behind Gen. Banks. He apparently considers the problem less a consequence of fortnightly steam service between China and San Francisco, or of the Pacific Railroad, than of reconstruction, with which he clumsily connects it. After saying that the Congressional policy towards the South has rested too little on "popular intelligence and the voluntary consent of the people," and too much on abstract theories of political justice, he continues in this lucid manner:

"Its tendency is in some measure to paralyze emancipation, as it stimulates and is held by some persons to justify importation of laborers to such extent as to reduce the industrial classes from the elevation they have attained by slow degrees and patient effort in this country, to a degraded standard, recognized only in overpopulated Asiatic empires. The extension of the rights of citizenship, which consistency is said to require, to such imported servants, degrades freemen who have earned the rights they enjoy, and endangers the liberties of the country."

The non-committal character of this utterance may not be detected at once by those unfamiliar with Gen. Banks's ease in fence-riding, and certainly he could not complain of injustice if one who was studying the tendency of the Republican party in regard to the Chinese question should allege that in Massachusetts Gen. Butler, "General" Wilson, as he is familiarly called, and Gen. Banks have now all declared themselves against the Chinaman. Three more strenuous defenders of "abstract theories of political justice" this country has not lately seen, nor three politicians who will run less risk of offending their constituents—in each case largely a mechanic population. As we have before said, the humor of the spectacle lies in the dismay of those who have longest and loudest preached human equality, and we have not refrained from laughing to see Mr. Phillips, at sight of the North Adams Chinamen, pack away in his trunk the beautiful figure of Trajan's Column which has so often served him as the type of his idea of modern American civilization.

EUROPEAN WAR AND AMERICAN FINANCE.

At the opening of the month of June, the entire civilized world was in profound peace. The condition of the financial and commercial markets was everywhere deemed healthy and satisfactory. The European continent had, it is true, been afflicted with a serious, extended, and protracted drought, which threatened deficient crops; but the abundant stores of the United States being just at that time freely offered at declining prices, owing to a universal indisposition here to aid in the long-continued and injurious grain speculation, no great uneasiness was anywhere experienced on account of the unfavorable crop prospects. The rate of discount at the Bank of England had stood for some time at 3 per cent.; that of the Bank of France as low as 2½. The Bank of Berlin, for some reason not at that time understood, but since sufficiently explained, had been conspicuously anxious to discourage foreign investments and speculation of every kind, and maintained its rate of discount at 4 per cent. The coin reserves at the leading bank centres were steady, or even gradually increasing. There was no export demand for coin anywhere, and that wonderfully complicated machine—the business of the world—seemed progressing so quietly and steadily that its movement was scarcely noticed. The financial relations of the United States with all other nations were regular and easy. We were actively engaged in sending to Europe the rest of our last year's cotton crop, and in forwarding an unusually large amount of grain and flour to supply European deficiencies. There was no evidence anywhere of a large commercial or financial indebtedness to Europe. Our Government securities were in high credit there, and stood at nearly the highest prices ever reached. Gold in our own markets was nearly as low as it had ever been since its first serious rise in 1862. Our stock of specie in the Treasury and in the banks was larger than it ever had been since suspension, and our regular weekly export of gold and silver bullion was just beginning to undergo its usual summer increase.

In the early part of June, the French purchases of flour and grain in this market became noticeably large, and it was even remarked that prices were occasionally paid here that did not show any profit on the published quotations of the French markets, indicating that the purchases were not made for merchants, but probably for the Government; or, at least, in consequence of official intimations as to the probable future. At the same time the Paris Bourse showed a noticeable weakness, which the known state of affairs seemed scarcely to warrant. Rumors were afloat that persons high in the Emperor's confidence were large sellers, and a feeling of uneasiness began gradually to spread abroad. But no great heed was given to it. The English money market remained perfectly unaffected. Gold continued to flow steadily into the Bank at London. Consols remained firm between 92½ and 93. Our 1862 bonds were steady at 90 and over in London, and at 95½ to 96 in Frankfort currency. Flour and wheat, which should have advanced in case of trouble, continued to decline with the decline here. Only the Paris Bourse and the Liverpool cotton market, which latter had been the scene of some unhealthy speculation, showed any real signs of weakness.

Such was the condition of financial affairs at the close of June. The first statement of the Bank of France in the month of July showed a loss of over four million dollars in coin—a remarkable loss for the season—followed by fresh uneasiness and a further decline on the Paris Bourse. On the 6th of July, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc de Gramont, made a very excited speech in the Corps Législatif, which was a virtual threat of war against Prussia on account of the pretended attempts of the latter to secure the throne of Spain for a Hohenzollern prince. A tremendous excitement on the Bourse was the immediate result. The rentes fell from 73 to 71½, and all other securities fell far more largely. Frankfort, until now the principal financial centre of Germany, but most unfavorably situated near a hostile and debatable frontier, became at once most seriously alarmed. Apart from the indirect effects of war on its financial affairs, it was actually liable to become the scene of almost the first conflict should peace not be preserved. Every one was seized with the desire to turn his property into money, and, as usual, every one rushed at first to sell that which was most readily salable. The best and safest se-

curities were thus the first to be forced upon an excited market; and hence United States 1862 bonds, which before Gramont's speech had been in demand at 96½, immediately afterwards were unsalable at 94, and in four days had fallen to 91.

The alarm which the keen Frankfort bankers, always studious of the political horizon and now thoroughly alive to the temper of the French Government and the Prussian people, had so readily taken, was at first confined to a very limited circle. England declined to believe in war. From July 6, the date of Gramont's apparently intemperate but really well-studied speech, to July 12, English consols declined less than one per cent. The American bonds which Frankfort was so anxious to sell, were readily bought in London at a very slight decline from previous prices, and even the New York Gold Room, according to popular belief ever eager for a pretence to advance the premium, was at first inclined to disregard the Hohenzollern complication, and closed on Saturday, July 9, at 112½, not one-half per cent. above the opening price of the Monday previous. Americans generally disbelieved in the war, and even those who were inclined to expect it were unable to see how war could materially affect us. On excited and perhaps exaggerated accounts of the Frankfort panic, on the 11th of July the premium suddenly advanced to 115, but on the 13th fell back to 112, as the relative position of the different European markets and our own did not admit of any bonds being brought back here for sale. The slight decline in London was followed by a corresponding decline in the prices of bonds here, so that no bonds could be returned from England, and as long as frightened Frankfort bankers could sell their bonds in England, there was no need of sending them here.

Up to this time, although France and Germany were rapidly tending to financial panic, neither England nor the United States appeared to be materially affected by it; and especially as far as we were concerned, so entirely had the speculative spirit disappeared among us, that even the hourly growing evidence of imminent conflict could not induce operations of any kind in advance of legitimate wants. But on the 14th war was declared, and the situation rapidly changed. The Bank of Prussia raised its discount from 4 to 6 per cent. Frankfort immediately became disorganized with panic. Business was at a standstill. Sales were impossible. Our bonds fell from 91 to 88, and there is no telling how low they may have sold in the midst of the confusion. The panic in Paris was even worse. Rentes fell from 71½ to 64½. Whoever had good and desirable securities sent them post-haste to England for sale. So great was the rush of securities there that the drafts drawn against them, usually in active demand on the Continent, became totally unsalable, and specie had to be sent from England to pay for them. The withdrawal of this coin from the Bank of England caused the latter to advance its discount rate from 3 to 3½ and 4 per cent. Consols declined from 92½ to 89½ in three days, and during the same time American bonds fell in London from 85 to 80½. Although bonds in our markets fell during the same time 2 per cent. and more, yet the price yielded so slowly that for several days New York was a better market to sell in than either London or Frankfort, and, as a natural consequence, quite a large amount of bonds were sent here from both these cities and sold on telegraphic orders, deliverable as soon as received. The foreign bankers to whom these were sent for sale immediately purchased a corresponding amount of gold to ship to Europe in payment of the bonds as soon as they should arrive. It was their purchases of gold that advanced the premium rapidly from 113 on July 14 to 123 on July 18.

In the meantime the declaration of war caused the Bank of France to lose in one week 31 millions of francs, or over 6 millions dollars, in coin, in spite of large shipments from England. Business everywhere was brought to a standstill. Holland and Belgium, though neutral, were as much paralyzed as Frankfort or Hamburg and Bremen. All commerce at sea on the part of Germany necessarily stopped, her armed navy being entirely inadequate to the protection of her commercial marine. England was suddenly deprived of her principal trade. Cotton dealers and manufacturers had no outlet for their goods. Raw cotton declined from 20 cents to 15 cents per pound,

involving an enormous loss on the average stock of 400 millions of pounds in store and afloat for English account, in addition to the loss on manufactured goods. Failures were numerous in all branches of trade, and commercial credit of every kind sank very low. At this season of the year, more than at any other season, the New York bankers are indebted to their English correspondents. In ordinary times they pay this indebtedness by purchasing here and sending to London the bills of mercantile houses here who ship grain, cotton, petroleum, meats, etc., to any and all European ports, and draw for the amount upon their correspondents. But in the state of the markets just described, it is evident that no one could tell what bills might be paid. English bankers, therefore, who had money due them from here, immediately on the declaration of war did telegraph (or would have telegraphed if it had not been unnecessary): Send no more bills; send only coin. Up to the 9th of July, our coin shipments scarcely exceeded the weekly average of 700,000 dollars. But within two days after the declaration of war we shipped one million and a half, and in the three weeks immediately following we shipped 17 millions more, or precisely as much as we had shipped in the entire six months preceding. These coin shipments form so far the most important evidence and indeed the principal effect of the influence of the European war upon our finances. Their importance increases with the doubt as to the precise nature of the circumstances which have rendered them necessary. We think the doubt unnecessary. We believe the nature of the circumstances fully established.

We have already stated that between the 14th and 18th of July large amounts of gold were purchased here by foreign bankers for remittance to Europe in payment of bonds sold here (deliverable on arrival) on telegraphic orders from European holders. If the 20 millions of gold shipped during the last four weeks have been shipped in payment of bonds returned here, then, with the 1,200 millions of our bonds believed to be held abroad, it is evident that we are liable to a sudden influx of bonds in such amounts as would completely sweep away our entire financial system. But it is almost positively certain that, although a large amount of gold was bought in anticipation of bonds to be returned, yet the bulk of the bonds never did arrive. Although in Frankfort the worst panic did not take place until the 23d, when our bonds are reported to have sold at 77, or about 10 per cent. below the London price of the day; although since then the Bank of England has steadily advanced its discount rate from 4 to 5 and even to 6 per cent.; although since then both the belligerents have come into the markets as large borrowers at rates of interest almost equal to those of our bonds; although even English consols have since continued to decline, and touched their very lowest figure, 88½, only on the 4th of August, over 4 per cent. below the peace quotations; yet our bonds, since the first panic of July 20, when they sold down to 80½, have almost steadily recovered in spite of all these adverse circumstances, and on the 5th of August sold again at 83½, only 7 per cent. below the highest figures previous to the disturbance. It is not too much to say that the safety and desirability of American bonds as a permanent investment are more firmly established to-day than they have ever been, and that for the settlement of balances between commercial nations they are, owing to their wide acceptability, preferable to every security excepting gold itself. It is the remarkable elasticity with which they reacted from their first depression, and the unanimity with which they are everywhere received as security, that induced European holders who had sent orders to have their bonds sold here, to refrain from actually sending the bonds, preferring to buy back here those already sold, and to sell the gold bought in their place. All accounts agree in stating that only small amounts of bonds have been actually returned, and it must now be evident, even to the most timorous, that unless the war now raging is carried to the extreme of exhausting one or both the combatants, or unless the people of the United States themselves wilfully destroy the European confidence in their securities, there is no more likelihood that United States bonds will be returned here for sale than there is of our cotton or our grain coming back to plague us. It is impossible to ascertain with any degree of certainty the amount of bonds returned to us during the last four weeks; but competent authority estimates

it at less than six millions of dollars, less than one half the amount that has frequently been sent abroad in one week!

Assuming the estimate given of bonds returned as approximately correct, there would be 14 millions of coin shipments to be accounted for. Without entering into questionable detail, it may be stated that the average weekly specie export for the rest of the year has not been less than 700,000 dollars per week, which would account for nearly three millions during the four weeks. It is also well to remember that this is at all times the principal season for our coin exports, and that, owing to the interest payment on the national debt, a large part of which is due abroad, the shipments in July are always large.

Taking these various facts into consideration, it will not be unfair to state the effect of the war in Europe on our finances so far as follows: The war in Europe has caused the return of about five millions of our securities from abroad, which we had to pay for in coin. It has also temporarily stopped a portion of our exports, or at least rendered their proceeds temporarily unavailable for the liquidation of that overdue debt which always exists between commercial nations, and has compelled us to ship a corresponding amount, say 10 millions, of coin in their stead. The sale of the bonds here and the (unfounded) expectation of further similar sales depressed the prices of bonds here about 4 per cent., from which they have almost entirely recovered. The purchase of 15 millions of gold here, and the (probably unfounded) expectation of further purchases, has advanced the price of gold 10 per cent., against which advance there has only been a slight reaction, and only a slow and gradual reaction can be expected, until our merchandise exports again assume their wonted proportions.

There are other important financial considerations connected with the war, but these, as well as its commercial aspects, must be for the present reserved.

SOUTH-WESTERN GERMANY.

THE states of South-western Germany—the Kingdoms of Bavaria and Würtemberg and the Grand-Duchies of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt—fought in 1866 on the side of Austria against Prussia. They fought for the existence of the Germanic Confederation, the disruption of which the first cannon-shot of the Prussians avowedly proclaimed. They fought for the preservation of the leadership of the House of Austria among the German tribes, which they had learned to distrust less than that of the constantly growing and grasping House of Hohenzollern; they fought for their own independence and sovereignty against an ambitious state, whose aggressiveness Count Bismarck had then made more patent than ever, and whose evident aim it was to make itself, first, the only great power in Germany, and, subsequently, its master. Excepting Baden, they went into the fight with alacrity and passion; they came out of it ingloriously beaten. Their leader, Austria, was crushed and cast out of Germany; their northern allies—Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, Frankfort, and Saxony—were absorbed in Prussia, or—which was the case with the last named—in her creation, the North German Union; they saw the current of public opinion, at least north of the Main, rapidly turning in favor of the *victor causa*; they paid the penalty of their mistake in heavy contributions—Bavaria and Hesse also in ceded territories; they lay helplessly prostrate.

Had France at that moment been in a condition to offer speedy aid to the vanquished, the animosity against Prussia then agitating South Germany might have prevailed over all regards of German patriotism, and led, at least, to an attempt at forming a new Rhenish Confederation, under the protection of the Napoleonic eagle. But France, like all Europe, was stunned by the rapid blows dealt by the Prussian generals on the battle fields of Bohemia and Western Germany. The treaty of Prague granted the South-western States the right of forming a confederation among themselves; but so little homogeneous were even those four states, so widely unequal were they in numbers and power—Bavaria alone being superior to the three others combined—so slight was, therefore, the prospect of harmony among them, and so slender were the chances of success of such a union, embracing nine millions of people placed face to face with the twenty-nine millions of the North German Confederation—that no serious thought of realizing any such

scheme seems to have been entertained, in governing circles, for any length of time. In this their helpless condition, Bismarck easily succeeded in persuading Württemberg, Baden—which required little persuasion, as its Grand-Duke, the son-in-law of the King of Prussia, had partaken in the war against his will and inclination—and Bavaria to conclude with him, even before the lapse of a month after the peace of Prague, those secret alliances, defensive and offensive, by which they placed their armies for all war emergencies under the command of the King of Prussia, and the sudden divulgence of which, after seven months of silence, in March, 1867, thrilled and electrified the unionists of Germany, and filled all that was Bonapartist or warlike in France with shame and rage. A still closer treaty with Hesse followed that divulgence.

Herr Von der Pfordten himself, formerly no less conspicuous a rival of Bismarck, and no less ardent an opponent of the Prussian policy, than Von Beust, was the minister who, for Bavaria, concluded the secret treaty of August 22, 1866. His successor at the head of the Bavarian cabinet, Prince Hohenlohe, could, with a lighter heart, continue the work of reconciliation with victorious Prussia. The leading statesmen of Württemberg and Hesse, Von Varnbüler and Von Dalwigk—not to speak of Baden—followed in his wake, though with much reserve and some tergiversation. Of the ruling princes, the Grand-Duke of Baden openly came forward as a champion for the cause of German unity; the Grand-Duke of Hesse often betrayed his opposite inclinations; the Kings of Bavaria and Württemberg, more inclined to be guided than to guide, seemed to leave the decision of the international questions with their ministers and Chambers, but, on the whole, showed themselves rather friendly than hostile to the alliance with Prussia. The princes and ministers of all these states were ready to join the new Customs Union headed by Prussia, though their joining it, after a powerful opposition, was a new triumph for Bismarck and a new offence to France; but none of them, the rulers of Baden excepted, showed the least desire or readiness to join the North German Confederation itself. Faithfully to guard the integrity of Germany against foreign aggression on one side, and zealously to guard their own countries' sovereignty on the other, seemed to be their guiding rule of policy.

But this middle way between unionism and particularism was far from satisfying the wishes of the various populations, which, scarcely the war was over, split mainly into decided unionists and decided particularists. The immediate joining of the North German Confederation was the watchword of the one party, the repudiation of all bonds with Prussia that of the other. Both pretended to act in the interest of German unity. But while the one saw in a union of South-western Germany with their brethren north of the Main a satisfactory realization of that grand national aim, at least for a time, the other saw in it only a base surrender to a fortunate usurper, and in the exclusion of Austria the final disruption of the Fatherland. The anti-Prussian party was, considering the whole group of states, the most numerous; but it was composed of two widely different elements—of radical progressists and of ultramontane and feudal reactionists. Unnatural as this coalition may appear, it has shown itself powerful enough to hamper the action of the governments, to carry state elections, as well as the elections to the Customs Union Parliament, to perplex and embarrass the friends of the union cause generally, and "to give aid and comfort" to the foe of Germany lurking on the other side of the Rhine. The recklessness displayed on many an occasion by the ultramontane and democratic organs and orators, in their denunciations of Prussia, was of the kind with which the ravings of the Southern press in its impotence have made us familiar in this country. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few samples.

"It is a well-known thing," exclaimed a speaker in 1868, "that big fishes devour the smaller fry; therefore, let us beware of the Prussian pond, in which we cannot fail being devoured. A compact with Prussia is a compact of the mouse with the cat. The brevity of the Prussian constitution is quite laudable; one can easily keep it in memory, for it contains only three paragraphs. The first reads: Pay; the second, be a soldier; the third, hold your tongue." Speaking of armaments in the same year, the *Donaureitung* wrote: "We arm

against France, that is, against the only power that can yet save us. We arm in order to conquer for Prussia the right to swallow us. Every man whom we equip strengthens our enemy. The less we arm, the feebler will be our only enemy, that is, Prussia." The Bavarian *Volkshute* said: "We are determined to be the serfs and vassals of neither the French nor the Prussians; but nobody can prohibit some of us from seeing in the French our only defenders from Prussian usurpation; our only helpers in need; our saviors from annexation; and our future deliverers from the unbearable yoke of brutal Prussianism." And it was this tone of rampant hostility to the schemes of German unity under the lead of the House of Hohenzollern, this constant invocation of French aid against the greatest German power, coupled with the intrigues of some of the dispossessed princes, that encouraged Napoleon and his advisers to see in Germany, which they meditated attacking, a country torn by violent hatreds and factions, and kept together only by factitious alliances, which a rapid invasion of the South, or one brilliant French victory, would easily burst for ever.

In thus calculating upon the anti-Prussian sentiment of the South-western Germans, Napoleon undoubtedly overrated its importance. He mistook outbursts of impotent rage for evidences of determined purpose. He overlooked the fact that—whatever the feelings of the ignorant peasantry of Suabia may be; whatever the influence of the Catholic clergy upon the bigoted portions of their folds in town and country; and whatever the length to which the extreme fanaticism of radical party-leaders might go—there was, among the educated classes throughout Germany, an irresistible current of public opinion concerning the integrity of the nation and country, and the sacred duty of defending it at any price against the overbearing French neighbor—a current which, at the moment of sudden peril, followed by an enthusiastic uprising, would sweep everything before it, and at once silence all opposition. In one word, he fell into the error into which the leaders of the Southern Rebellion had fallen when they began their assault upon the Union, counting upon the aid of Northern sympathizers. And his miscalculation was obviously greater than theirs. His declaration of war was followed in Germany by a more universal and more generally sincere patriotic upheaval than that which the first gun fired at Fort Sumter called forth in the North of the United States. The princes of South-western Germany readily fulfilled their obligations as allies of Prussia, whatever the inner feelings of some of them may have been; all party strife was at once hushed; one grand resolve, to fight against the invader to the bitter end, was everywhere proclaimed; and the people of the North and South-west stood forth almost like one man, from the seas to the Alps.

And if Napoleon ever had any chance of dividing Germany while fighting her, it certainly required a rapid and successful invasion of South-western Germany or a decisive victory over the Prussian army at the very outset to bring about such a result. An invasion of Suabia might possibly have been followed by popular commotions in the anti-Prussian interest; a great defeat of the Prussians might have induced one or another of King William's allies to break a half-extorted compact, to recall his army, and to proclaim his neutrality. But Fate had decreed a different course of events. The boastful invader who had planned a surprise remained almost entirely inactive on the confines of his own country, as if struck with a kind of paralysis at the moment when boasts were to give way to actions. All initiative was with the assailed, and victory perched upon the banners of the bolder. And the consequence is that the bond of union between the North and South-west of Germany has been cemented more strongly than it has been for centuries, by streams of Bavarian, Württembergian, Badenese, and Prussian blood, poured against a common foe and for a common fatherland, on a glorious battle-field. Whatever the changing fortunes of war may yet have in store for the victors and vanquished, so much is certain that the struggle is to go on between thirty-eight millions of French and thirty-eight millions of united Germans. The Napoleonic dream of fighting a divided Germany has vanished like a dream of the night. Germany is now nearer a union, in the fullest sense of the word, than it ever has been. Only the outer form is still wanting. Prussia will not be slow in determining it.

SARATOGA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SARATOGA, August 3, 1870.

ONE has vague irresponsible local previsions of which it is generally hard to discern the origin. You find yourself thinking of an unknown, unseen place as thus rather than so. It assumes in your mind a certain shape, a certain color which frequently turns out to be singularly at variance with reality. For some reason or other, I had idly dreamed of Saratoga as buried in a sort of elegant wilderness of verdurous gloom. I fancied a region of shady forest drives, with a bright, broad-piazzaed hotel gleaming here and there against a background of mysterious groves and glades. I had made a cruelly small allowance for the stern vulgarities of life—for the shops and sidewalks and loafers, the complex machinery of a city of pleasure. The fault was so wholly my own that it is quite without bitterness that I proceed to affirm that the Saratoga of experience is sadly different from this. I confess, however, that it has always seemed to me that one's visions, on the whole, gain more than they lose by realization. There is an essential indignity in indefiniteness: you cannot imagine the especial poignant interest of details and accidents. They give more to the imagination than they receive from it. I frankly admit, therefore, that I find here a decidedly more satisfactory sort of place than the all-too-primitive Elysium of my wanton fancy. It is indeed, as I say, immensely different. There is a vast number of brick—nay, of asphalt—sidewalks, a great many shops, and a magnificent array of loafers. But what indeed are you to do at Saratoga—the morning draught having been achieved—unless you loaf? “Que faire en un gîte à moins que l'on ne songe?” Loafers being assumed, of course shops and sidewalks follow. The main avenue of Saratoga is in fact bravely entitled Broadway. The untravelled reader may form a very accurate idea of it by recalling as distinctly as possible, not indeed the splendors of that famous thoroughfare, but the secondary charms of the Sixth Avenue. The place has what the French would call the “accent” of the Sixth Avenue. Its two main features are the two monster hotels which stand facing each other along a goodly portion of its course. One, I believe, is considered much better than the other—less prodigious and promiscuous and tumultuous, but in appearance there is little choice between them. Both are immense brick structures, directly on the crowded, noisy street, with vast covered piazzas running along the façade, supported by great iron posts. The piazza of the Union Hotel, I have been repeatedly informed, is the largest “in the world.” There are a number of objects in Saratoga, by the way, which in their respective kinds are the finest in the world. One of these is Mr. John Morrissey's casino. I bowed my head submissively to this statement, but privately I thought of the blue Mediterranean, and the little white promontory of Monaco, and the silver-gray verdure of olives, and the view across the outer sea toward the bosky cliffs of Italy. Congress Spring, too, it is well known, is the most delicious mineral spring in the known universe; this I am perfectly willing to maintain.

The piazzas of these great hotels may very well be the greatest of all piazzas. They are not picturesque, but they doubtless serve their purpose—that of affording sitting-space in the open air to an immense number of persons. They are, of course, quite the best places to observe the Saratoga world. In the evening, when the “boarders” have all come forth and seated themselves in groups, or have begun to stroll in (not always, I regret to say, to the sad detriment of the dramatic interest, bisexual) couples, the vast heterogeneous scene affords a great deal of entertainment. Seeing it for the first time, the observer is likely to assure himself that he has neglected an important feature in the sum of American manners. The rough brick wall of the house, illumined by a line of flaring gas-lights, forms a harmonious background to the crude, impermanent, discordant tone of the assembly. In the larger of the two hotels, a series of long windows open into an immense parlor—the largest, I suppose, in the world—and the most scantily furnished, I imagine, in proportion to its size. A few dozen rocking-chairs, an equal number of small tables, tripods to the eternal ice-pitchers, serve chiefly to emphasize the vacuous grandeur of the spot. On the piazza, in the outer multitude, ladies largely prevail, both by numbers and (you are not slow to perceive) by distinction of appearance. The good old times of Saratoga, I believe, as of the world in general, are rapidly passing away. The time was when it was the chosen resort of none but “nice people.” At the present day, I hear it constantly affirmed, “the company is dreadfully mixed.” What society may have been at Saratoga when its elements were thus simple and severe, I can only vaguely, regretfully conjecture. I confine myself to the dense, democratic, vulgar Saratoga of the current year. You are struck, to begin with, at the hotels by

the numerical superiority of the women; then, I think, by their personal superiority. It is incontestably the case that in appearance, in manner, in grace and completeness of aspect, American women vastly surpass their husbands and brothers. The case is reversed with most of the nations of Europe—with the English notably, and in some degree with the French and Germans. Attached to the main entrance of the Union Hotel, and adjoining the ascent from the street to the piazza, is a “stoop” of mighty area, which, at most hours of the day and morning, is a favored lounging-place of men. I am one of those who think that on the whole we are a decidedly good-looking people. “On the whole,” perhaps, every people is good-looking. There is, however, a type of physiognomy among ourselves which seems so potently to imperil the modest validity of this dictum, that one finally utters it with a certain sense of triumph. The lean, sallow, angular Yankee of tradition is dignified mainly by a look of decision, a hint of unimpassioned volition, the air of “smartness.” This in some degree redeems him, but it fails to make him handsome. But in the average American of the present time, the typical leanness and sallowness are less, and the individual keenness and smartness at once equally intense and more evenly balanced with this greater comeliness of form. Casting your eye over a group of your fellow-citizens in the portico of the Union Hotel, you will be inclined to admit that, taking the good with the bad, they are worthy sons of the great Republic. I find in them, I confess, an ample fund of grave entertainment. They suggest to my fancy the swarming vastness—the multifarious possibilities and activities—of our young civilization. They come from the uttermost ends of the continent—from San Francisco, from New Orleans, from Duluth. As they sit with their white hats tilted forward, and their chairs tilted back, and their feet tilted up, and their cigars and toothpicks forming various angles with these various lines, I imagine them surrounded with a sort of clear achromatic halo of mystery. They are obviously persons of experience—of a somewhat narrow and monotonous experience certainly; an experience of which the diamonds and laces which their wives are exhibiting hard by are, perhaps, the most substantial and beautiful result; but, at any rate, they are men who have positively actually lived. For the time, they are lounging with the negro waiters, and the boot-blacks, and the news-venders; but it was not in lounging that they gained their hard wrinkles and the level impartial regard which they direct from beneath their hat-rims. They are not the mellow fruit of a society impelled by tradition and attended by culture; they are hard nuts, which have grown and ripened as they could. When they talk among themselves, I seem to hear the mutual cracking of opposed shells.

If these men are remarkable, the ladies are wonderful. Saratoga is famous, I believe, as the place of all places in America where women most adorn themselves, or as the place, at least, where the greatest amount of dressing may be seen by the greatest number of people. Your first impression is therefore of the—what shall I call it?—of the *muchness* of the feminine drapery. Every woman you meet, young or old, is attired with a certain amount of splendor and a large amount of good taste. You behold an interesting, indeed a quite momentous spectacle: the democratization of elegance. If I am to believe what I hear—in fact, I may say what I overhear—a large portion of these sumptuous persons are victims of imperfect education and members of a somewhat narrow social circle. She walks more or less of a queen, however, each unsanctified nobody. She has, in dress, an admirable instinct of elegance and even of what the French call “chic.” This instinct occasionally amounts to a sort of passion; the result then is superb. You look at the coarse brick walls, the rusty iron posts of the piazza, at the shuffling negro waiters, the great tawdry steamboat cabin of a drawing room—you see the tilted ill-dressed loungers on the steps—and you finally regret that a figure so exquisite should have so vulgar a setting. Your resentment, however, is speedily tempered by reflection. You feel the impertinence of your old reminiscences of Old-World novels, and of the dreary social order in which privacy was the presiding genius and women arrayed themselves for the appreciation of the few—the few still, even when numerous. The crowd, the tavern loungers, the surrounding ugliness and tumult and license, constitute the social medium of the young lady whom you so cunningly admire: she is dressed for publicity. The thought fills you with a kind of awe. The Old-World social order is far away indeed, and as for Old-World novels, you begin to doubt whether she is so amiably curious as to read even the silliest of them. To be so excessively dressed is obviously to give pledges to idleness. I have been forcibly struck with the apparent absence of any warmth and richness of detail in the lives of these wonderful ladies of the piazzas. We are freely accused of being an eminently wasteful people:

I know of few things which so largely warrant the accusation as the fact that these consummate *élégantes* adorn themselves, socially speaking, to so little purpose. To dress for every one is, practically, to dress for no one. There are few prettier sights than a charmingly dressed woman, gracefully established in some shady spot, with a piece of needlework or embroidery, or a book. Nothing very serious is accomplished, probably, but an æsthetic principle is considered. The embroidery and the book are a tribute to culture, and I suppose they really figure somewhere out of the opening scenes of French comedies. But here at Saratoga, at any hour of morning or evening, you may see a hundred brave creatures steeped in a quite unutterable emptyhandedness. I have had constant observation of a lady who seems to me really to possess a genius for being nothing more than dressed. Her dresses are admirably rich and beautiful—my letter would greatly gain in value if I possessed the learning needful for describing them. I can only say that every evening for a fortnight, I believe, she has revealed herself as a fresh creation. But she especially, as I say, has struck me as a person dressed beyond her life. I resent on her behalf—or on behalf at least of her finery—the extreme severity of her circumstances. What is she, after all, but a regular boarder? She ought to sit on the terrace of a stately castle, with a great baronial park shutting out the undressed world, mildly coquetting with an ambassador or a duke. My imagination is shocked when I behold her seated in gorgeous relief against the dusty clapboards of the hotel, with her beautiful hands folded in her silken lap, her head drooping slightly beneath the weight of her *chignon*, her lips parted in a vague contemplative gaze at Mr. Helmbold's well known advertisement on the opposite fence, her husband beside her reading the *New York Sun*.

I have indeed observed cases of a sort of splendid social isolation here, which are not without a certain amount of pathos—people who know no one—who have money and finery and possessions, only no friends. Such at least is my inference, from the lonely grandeur with which I see them invested. Women, of course, are the most helpless victims of this cruel situation, although it must be said that they befriend each other with a generosity for which we hardly give them credit. I have seen women, for instance, at various "hops," approach their lonely sisters and invite them to waltz, and I have seen the fair invited most graciously heedless of the potential irony of this particular form of charity. Gentlemen at Saratoga are at a premium far more, evidently, than at European watering-places. It is an old story that in this country we have no leisured class—the class from which the Saratogas of Europe recruit a large number of their male frequenters. A few months ago, I paid a visit to a famous English watering-place, where, among many substantial points of difference from our own, I chiefly remember the goodly number of well-dressed, well looking, well-talking young men. While their sweethearts and sisters are waltzing together, our own young men are rolling up greenbacks in counting-houses and stores. I was recently reminded in another way, one evening, of the unlikeness of Saratoga to Cheltenham. Behind the biggest of the big hotels is a large planted yard, which has come to be talked of as a "park." This I regret, inasmuch as, as a yard, it is possibly the biggest in the world; while as a park I am afraid it is decidedly less than the smallest. At one end, however, stands a great ball-room, approached by a range of wooden steps. It was late in the evening: the room, in spite of the intense heat, was blazing with light, and the orchestra thundering a mighty waltz. A group of loungers, including myself, were hanging about to watch the ingress of the festally minded. In the basement of the edifice, sunk beneath the ground, a noisy auctioneer, in his shirt and trousers, black in the face with heat and vociferation, was selling "pools" of the races to a dense group of frowzy betting men. At the foot of the steps was stationed a man in a linen coat and straw hat, without waistcoat or cravat, to take the tickets of the ball-goers. As the latter failed to arrive in sufficient numbers, a musician came forth to the top of the steps and blew a loud summons on a horn. After this they began to straggle along. On this occasion, certainly, the company promised to be decidedly "mixed." The women, as usual, were a great deal dressed, though without any constant adhesion to the technicalities of full-dress. The men adhered to it neither in the letter nor the spirit. The possessor of a pair of satin shod feet, twinkling beneath an uplifted volume of gauze and lace and flowers, tripped up the steps with her gloved hand on the sleeve of a railway "duster." Now and then two ladies arrived alone: generally a group of them approached under convoy of a single man. Children were freely scattered among their elders, and frequently a small boy would deliver his ticket and enter the glittering portal, beautifully unembarrassed. Of the children of Saratoga there would

be wondrous things to relate. I believe that, in spite of their valuable aid, the festival of which I speak was rated rather a "fizzle." I see it advertised that they are soon to have, for their own peculiar benefit, a "Masquerade and Promenade Concert, beginning at 9 p.m." I observe that they usually open the "hops," and that it is only after their elders have borrowed confidence from the sight of their unfaltering paces that they venture to perform. You meet them far into the evening roaming over the piazzas and corridors of the hotels—the little girls especially—lean, pale, and formidable. Occasionally childhood confesses itself, even when motherhood stands out, and you see at eleven o'clock at night some poor little bedizened precocity collapsed in slumbers in a lonely wayside chair. The part played by children in society here is only an additional instance of the wholesale equalization of the various social atoms which is the distinctive feature of collective Saratoga. A man in a "duster" at a ball is as good as a man in irreproachable sable; a young woman dancing with another young woman is as good as a young woman dancing with a young man; a child of ten is as good as a woman of thirty; a double negative in conversation is rather better than a single.

An important feature in many watering-places is the facility for leaving it a little behind you and tasting of the unmitigated country. You may wander to some shady hillside and sentimentalize upon the vanity of high civilization. But at Saratoga civilization holds you fast. The most important feature of the place, perhaps, is the impossibility of realizing any such pastoral dream. The surrounding country is a charming wilderness, but the roads are so abominably bad that walking and driving are alike unprofitable. Of course, however, if you are bent upon a walk, you will take it. There is a striking contrast between the concentrated prodigality of life in the immediate precinct of the hotels and the generous wooded wildness and roughness into which half an hour's stroll may lead you. Only a mile behind you are thousands of loungers and idlers, fashioned from head to foot by the experience of cities and keenly knowing in their secrets; while here, about you and before you, blooms untamed the hardy innocence of field and forest. The heavy roads are little more than sandy wheel-tracks; by the tangled wayside the blackberries wither unpicked. The country undulates with a beautiful unsoftened freedom. There are no white villages gleaming in the distance, no spires of churches, no salient details. It is all green, lonely, and vacant. If you wish to seize an "effect," you must stop beneath a cluster of pines and listen to the murmur of the softly-troubled air, or follow upward the gradual bending of their trunks to where the afternoon light touches and enchants them. Here and there on a slope by the roadside stands a rough unpainted farm-house, looking as if its dreary blackness were the result of its standing dark and lonely amid so many months, and such a wide expanse, of winter snow. The principal feature of the grassy unfurnished yard is the great wood-pile, telling grimly of the long reversion of the summer. For the time, however, it looks down contentedly enough over a goodly appanage of grain-fields and orchards, and I can fancy that it may be good to be a boy there. But to be a man, it must be quite what the lean, brown, serious farmers physiognomically hint it to be. You have, however, at the present season, for your additional beguilement, on the eastern horizon, the vision of the long bold chain of the Green Mountains, clad in that single coat of simple candid blue which is the favorite garment of our American hills. As a visitor, too, you have for an afternoon's excursion your choice between a couple of lakes. Saratoga Lake, the larger and more distant of the two, is the goal of the regular afternoon drive. Above the shore is a well-appointed tavern—"Moon's" it is called by the voice of fame—where you may sit upon a broad piazza and partake of fried potatoes and "drinks;" the latter, if you happen to have come from poor dislicensed Boston, a peculiarly gratifying privilege. You enjoy the felicity sighed for by that wanton Italian princess of the anecdote, when, one summer evening, to the sound of music, she wished that to eat an ice were a sin. The other lake is small, and its shores are unadorned by any edifice but a boat-house, where you may hire a skiff and pull yourself out into the minnow-tickled, wood-circled oval. Here, floating in its darkened half, while you watch on the opposite shore the tree-stems, white and sharp in the declining sunlight, and their foliage whitening and whispering in the breeze, and you feel that this little solitude is part of a greater and more portentous solitude, you may resolve certain passages of Ruskin, in which he dwells upon the needfulness of some human association, however remote, to make natural scenery fully impressive. You may recall that magnificent passage in which he relates having tried with such fatal effect, in a battle-haunted valley of the Jura, to fancy himself in a nameless solitude of our own continent. You feel around you, with irresistible

force, the serene inexperience of undedicated nature—the absence of serious associations, the nearness, indeed, of the vulgar and trivial associations of the least picturesque of great watering-places—you feel this, and you wonder what it is you so deeply and calmly enjoy. You conclude, possibly, that it is a great advantage to be able at once to enjoy Ruskin and to enjoy what Ruskin dispraises. And hereupon you return to your hotel and read the New York papers on the plan of the French campaign and the Twenty-third Street murder.

ENGLISH FEELING ABOUT THE WAR.—THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON.

LONDON, July 22, 1870.

I NEED hardly say that one only subject is just now in the mind of every one. We are waiting in painful suspense for the news of the first shot that is in all probability to open the most terrible conflict of the century. Speculations as to the causes and possible consequences of this lamentable outbreak fill all the newspapers and occupy most private conversation. Parliament, indeed, is occupied in winding up the business at which it has been painfully hammering for the last six months; but the topics under discussion have for the moment lost their interest, and we are full of melancholy forebodings. The general question does not come within my province. I can only speak to you of the sentiment excited in England, so far as that can be said to have any importance. In a general way, of course, we have a strong dislike to a war which can only do us mischief, and blame with great unanimity the course adopted by Napoleon. At the same time, two or three undercurrents of feeling make themselves more or less manifest. There is the highly respectable sentiment that we ought to be neutral, not only in act but in spirit. Let us be exceedingly careful, it is said, not to give the least impression that we will even venture, without taking an active part—for that, of course, is out of the question—to hurt the tender susceptibility of the French nation. If we had been in their places, it is urged, we should have been just as foolish as they, and therefore, it is inferred, we have no right to blame them. The argument seems to me rather weak, for it would imply that a bystander, who is the only person who can be cool, is never to express his opinion, precisely because he is not angry. If lookers-on are not to give their view of the game, and the actual combatants can only express views which are necessarily worthless, it is clear that no very valuable opinion will come to light. There is, however, a little more in this sentiment than appears on the surface. Few people venture to defend Napoleon's conduct. The *Times*, which has indulged in its usual policy of vacillation, abused him for a time very heartily, though it is now trying to adopt a dignified impartiality; but though the French have few open defenders, they have a certain number of sympathizers. It is curious to remark how certain political instincts rally people, without knowing why, to the side with which they are most in harmony. Thus, all the Conservative party have a certain prejudice, which they cannot exactly explain, against Prussia and in favor of France. Though the obvious fact that France was the first aggressor turned public feeling against the Emperor in the first instance, the dislike to Prussia is gradually making itself felt, and we shall, as in most recent cases, be before long very much divided in our sympathies on all points except one, and that one is ardent desire to keep ourselves out of the mess. And here there is another sentiment which deserves a few words. We feel, undoubtedly, a certain degree of humiliation in our present position. We have placed ourselves too completely outside the sphere of European politics. We don't quite like it. It is unpleasant to see hard blows going and to know that we couldn't make much difference if we would. In two or three weeks Prussia or France can bring armies into the field more than equal to that much-enduring force which encircles the globe with the military airs of Great Britain, and is consequently rather difficult of concentration. There will, we are told, be 1,000,000 of men in arms on each side. It would be a great effort for us to collect a twentieth part of that number on any part of the Continent. We could, it is true, make ourselves extremely disagreeable at sea, and indeed flatter ourselves that we should be considerably more than a match for the strongest of our opponents. But what sort of an army could we produce on shore? A single French division would outnumber it, and even allowing the good old maxim—rather threadbare in these days—that one Englishman is equal to three foreigners, we should still be in a lamentable minority. Yet it is obviously possible that we may be unable to look on quietly. It is said that Government have proposed to send some 20,000 to 30,000 men to Belgium to help in maintaining their neutrality. Whether that is true, I know not, but if the

Belgian neutrality were seriously threatened, I think we should show our teeth very decidedly and perhaps get so far as to use them. We should be glad if they were rather more formidable, but we can only hope at present that the necessity may not occur, and we think with some degree of discomfort on the very unintelligible guarantee for the neutrality of Luxembourg which we owe to Lord Derby's well-meant diplomacy.

Meanwhile, it might be amusing to a stranger to see certain military demonstrations which are going on at the present moment. Six miles from Hyde Park Corner lies one of the most picturesque bits of ground in the neighborhood of London. Wimbledon Common resembles a fragment of wild Scotch moor transported to the neighborhood of the metropolis, or, rather, it is amongst the last representatives of those old heaths where Dick Turpin and his like waited for the travellers of the pre-railroad epoch. It forms a level table-land, a mile or so in length, and thence slopes downward on one side towards a diminutive tributary of the Thames. These slopes are intersected by various miniature glens—favorite resorts for duellists down to modern times—covered by bracken and gorse. They afford picturesque views over Richmond Park and Combe Wood, and, in short, are as pretty an oasis of unbroken country scenery as one would wish to find so near our wilderness of dingy brick. If an intelligent foreigner asked me how it came to pass that land so near London was not yet cultivated or seized for building-lots, I should have to treat him to a lecture upon the rights of lords of the manor, and freeholders and copyholders, and the meaning of estovers, and turbary, and various other topics, which might be interesting, but which would take us back to the Middle Ages. It is enough to say that the common is subject to various rights which have hitherto prevented its enclosure, and which are at the present moment supplying materials for a long and doubtful litigation. However, the volunteers enjoy the benefit of an open piece of ground for the present, and have erected booths in various conspicuous positions, and are firing all day long across the little glens and over the broad plains from which the glens descend. There is an encampment upon the common, which provides for some six or seven thousand men, who thus have the pleasure of playing at soldiering with a very fair degree of verisimilitude. On the present occasion, they suffered the terrible hardship of a severe thunder-storm, and many of them spent a night up to their knees in water. All day long, a continuous stream of volunteers flows in and out of London. The variety of uniforms is as remarkable as the total incapacity of the citizen soldier to look like the genuine professional article. Every face, and still more every figure, reveals the unmistakable tradesman or lawyer, barely disguised by his gray or green or black coat, and exhibiting a humorous affectation of the military swagger. To say the truth, they have a very pleasant holiday, something, I should guess, like the "Cornwallis" of America, as celebrated by Mr. Hosea Biglow. All kinds of high-jinks go on with infinite zest. There are meetings round bonfires and volunteer concerts and a perpetual series of picnics, and abundance of good-humored chaff, which finds utterance in a newspaper published for the occasion. Then there are great contests between the universities and the public schools, and the Lords and Commons, and the Three Kingdoms; whilst enough is offered in the way of money-prizes to excite a very keen competition from all the corps in the country. Wonderful feats of shooting are performed, and it must be admitted that a considerable number of Englishmen have attained a degree of skill with the rifle which a few years ago would have been reckoned fabulous. Upon these points I am not a good judge, but the whole celebration suggests the enquiry how much this display promises in the event of actual service, and whether the volunteer system has succeeded, as we are apt to boast in after-dinner speeches, in putting us entirely at our ease in regard to the possibility of invasion. If so, we might wrap ourselves up in a proud consciousness of our safety, and sleep in spite of thunder. That there is some good raw material is undeniable, but undoubtedly, also, much remains to be done before this crowd of jovial sharpshooters can be organized into anything like an effective army. Just now, if what I hear is correct, Government is not a little exercised in its mind under the possible necessity of having to send a few thousand men to Belgium; and the extraordinary rapidity with which the great military powers can throw their whole strength into the field, brings out more distinctly than ever the necessity of some thoroughgoing military reforms. The question, however, is so complicated, and opens out so many discussions, that I cannot do more than hint at it at present. The plainest moral is that, for the present, we shall be glad to content ourselves with performing the part of spectators.

I mentioned to you in my last letter, if I remember rightly, that Lord

Salisbury proposed to get rid of the University Tests Bill, by the side-wind of handing it over to a committee. He has succeeded in doing so, and the practical result is simply that the bill is postponed for another year, when it will probably take some more decided shape than heretofore. I will simply notice one fact which is rather curious. Lord Salisbury entirely disavowed the intention of keeping out Protestant dissenters or Roman Catholics. It is significant that a Conservative leader should have gone so far as even by implication to consent to this, which would a few years ago have been considered a most vital change in the universities. But his reason for objecting to the bill is still more significant. He says that he is afraid that the abolition of tests will allow the universities to become centres of infidelity, and he therefore proposes to invent some new kind of legislative sieve which shall strain out all the unbelievers and admit only genuine Christians. One may say without much hesitation that the task of devising such machinery is altogether beyond human ingenuity. The difficulty is all the greater because the plan in fact amounts to locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen. Oxford and Cambridge are simply the chief centres from which all shades of rationalism are propagated throughout the country. So long as any power of speculation is allowed to them, it cannot be doubted that the universities will continue to feel sooner than other places the various currents of modern thought, and, in short, they can only be made uniformly orthodox by being made thoroughly stupid. That, however, will not happen, and the chief moral is that we have made sufficient progress to prevent even the staunchest Conservative from directly advocating the restriction of the universities to members of the Established Church.

FROM THE RHINE.

July 22, 1870.

In the evening we went to bed in peace, and in the morning we rose in war; so sudden was the change, so premeditated the attack, so infamous, so silly the pretext. The German people would not deserve to exist as a nation, if it did not rise like one man to resent the outrage, if it did not concentrate all its powers against the impudent breaker of the peace, against the infuriated hordes of duped Frenchmen.

If you ask me for the *signatura temporis*, I answer: It is just as it was in 1813; nay, it is still better, for in our war against the old Corsican it was only Northern Germany which took up arms, while in our present war against the Corsican's nephew the whole nation is rising. There is nothing overbearing, nothing like brag, in the deportment of any class of the people; but everywhere you meet with a manly resignation, an elevated calmness, and the earnest determination not to lay down arms before the national enemy is humiliated and the honor of our fatherland avenged. Cunning as he is, Napoleon has made a great mistake this time. He expected to isolate Prussia by a purely dynastic question; badly informed, he relied on the alleged dissatisfaction of South Germany, of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfurt. But all over Germany the people discovered at once the cloven foot, and it is difficult to say where the popular enthusiasm and willingness for sacrifice is greatest. Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, the former residences of the dispossessed princes, strive to outdo all the other cities in their devotion, and Frankfurt, the reputed headquarters of everything that is inimical to Prussia, nobly rivals in patriotism her sister cities. I was present yesterday when the Frankfurt reserves arrived in town. Think of the march of the Seventh Regiment through New York, on April 20, 1861, and you have an approximate idea of the enthusiasm of the people. The young merchants had hastened home from Italy, Southern France, and England, to take up arms for their country, and there were a great many among them who were no longer compelled to serve. Even the Duke of Nassau openly declared that in such a war he never would accept his land and crown from the hands of Louis Napoleon, or, as General Butler would say, of "the greatest criminal of the age," and to make good his word the dethroned German prince placed himself at the disposal of King William of Prussia. The Catholic nobility, who formerly sought distinction in the service of Austria, send their sons to the Prussian army. There are so many offers of volunteers that they must partly be refused. Catholic priests pray for the victory of Germany. Former party differences are forgotten and buried. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden acknowledged at once that the *causa fœderis* was given, and, without being asked, mobilized their armies, to be put under the command of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and the same General Vogel von Falkenstein who defeated the Southern troops in 1866. "We were badly led in that campaign," I was told, the other day, by a Bavarian officer at the Mayence depot.

"Now we are happy to fight under experienced generals, and to prove that we are of the same stock and of the same efficiency as our Northern brethren."

How fortunate you Americans are! You have no powerful and greedy neighbors who break into your country, ravage, violate, burn, and destroy everything before them, to satisfy an ambitious whim of their ruler, to acquire more territory, or to gain preponderance over other powers. For the last two hundred years we have suffered from these barbarous inroads, which were begun by Louis XIV., and which will be terminated, I trust, under Louis Napoleon. I celebrated the last Fourth of July at Worms, on the Rhine, to show to my children the colossal statues of Luther and of his compeers, and, as the most dignified celebration of that glorious day, to explain to them the intimate connection between the German Reformation and the American Revolution. One-half of the city of Worms, famous of old through the Niebelungen, was about 180 years ago destroyed by the French, who even tried to blow up the strong tower of the cathedral, and the former proud, imperial city, with its 70,000 inhabitants, is now a small country town of 12,000. Go to Heidelberg, which owes its ruins to the French; to Speyer, where they even robbed the coffins of the emperors, and to a thousand other towns and villages; wander through the Palatinate and along the Rhine for a hundred English miles—everywhere you will find the same marks of French brutality and devastation, left by "le grand monarque." The houses of hundreds of villages along the Rhine show strong old stone walls as foundations, and frame buildings erected on them by the poor inhabitants, who had to rebuild their dwellings from among the ruins made by the French. Peruse any book of French history, and, with the sole exception of noble Michelet, you will find that these misdeeds are extolled as glorious exploits, as political necessities. And the same thing was repeated four times during the last century, and now, marching as they pretend at the head of civilization, the French want to repeat their inroads once more. The Montenegrins, the gentlemen of the Tzernagora, are mere beginners in that art of warfare which has been brought to perfection by "la grande nation."

Well, we will stand and repel the new attack. We know beforehand the work will be bloody and heavy, but it must be done. It will cost us untold millions of treasure, hundreds of thousands of noble lives, seas of blood, endless misery, suffering, and slaughtering, but we are bound and determined to triumph in the end. It will be a war between the Teutonic and Latin races, which Napoleon tried to bring about in 1864, when he broke into Mexico, and which was only put off by the defeat of the slave-barons in Richmond. We Germans by fighting out this war will prove to the world that the civilization of the present century is stronger than the mediæval traditions and robbing propensities of reckless gamblers; that the genius of civil liberty is more firmly established in Europe than the despotism of the French autocrat; that the labor of generations performed in the interest of peace and humanity is a better keystone of social order than the bloody work of even the most efficient agents of the Latin race, the African Bedouins, Spahis, and Turcos. You, in your glorious struggle against slavery, relied on the sympathies of the whole civilized world. You were not disappointed as far as Germany was concerned. Even our moneyed men believed in your ultimate success; our press, with a few insignificant exceptions, was in your favor, and the Prussian minister at Washington was the first of all foreign diplomatists to wish you, in the name of his sovereign, good-speed and victory. And the French? They tried to stab you from behind by invading Mexico. . . . Our cause, too, is the cause of humanity, and it does not matter whether a foreign or a domestic enemy seeks the ruin of a civilized nation. Every farmer who tills his little patch of land, every mechanic who with the sweat of his brow earns a decent livelihood, every teacher of the people—be he a schoolmaster in the remotest Western settlement or editor of the widest circulating paper—who with his brains works to educate his fellow-citizens, every politician and statesman who believes in self-government and national independence, every man who respects the ten commandments, in short, every thinking being, must and will be on our side in this tremendous struggle.

Yet, however strongly the moral weight of the whole civilized world may be in our favor, it is not strong enough to defeat the enemy. In order to do that we must have the strongest battalions. In this respect we can favorably compare with the French. The North German army has 447,838 men ready for the field (394,310 infantry and 53,528 cavalry), with 1,212 cannon; besides 164,935 reserves, with 234 cannon, and 154,232 men, with 234 cannon, to be left behind for garrison duty; to which number 169,802 Southern Germans, with 370 cannon, are to be added. Thus

an actual force of 936,807 men and 2,050 cannon is reached, which is divided into three armies, namely, 1. The Southern army, under the Crown-Prince of Prussia; 2. The Northern army, under Prince Charles Frederick of Prussia; and 3. The Rhine army, at present under the command of King William of Prussia. Nothing is known here beyond these mere outlines, the movements of the troops being strictly kept secret. The French, on the other side, have 658,000 men in active service and as reserves, of whom 380,000 are ready for the field; besides, they have, since 1868, a "national mobile guard," which is to garrison the fortresses, but thus far has not shown its efficiency; while the Prussian landwehr will favorably compare with any soldiers in the army. The French have only 988 cannon of different sizes, but 144 mitrailleuses; the practical value of this newly invented wholesale murdering machine, however, is still to be tested. The French navy is, of course, much larger than the German, and our commerce will consequently suffer enormously. The French, having had time fully to prepare before declaring war, are about ten days ahead of us, and may be able to reach the left bank of the Rhine by the end of the present month. We do not mean to fight before we are in the proper condition, and rather prefer temporarily to give up some territory than to risk a battle with insufficient forces. You may look for the first pitched battle in the latter part of August.

Whatever its result may be, one great thing we owe to Louis Napoleon, and for one great benefit every intelligent German thanks him: He has perfected what thus far we could not consummate ourselves; he has made Germany one great, united empire; he has inspired thirty-eight millions of Germans with *one will, one energy, and one determination* to triumph and to conquer. The North German Confederation makes her last appearance on the political stage—one united Germany, a new first-class power, will appear in its place. Hail to the new arbiter of the peace of Europe!

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

THE MONEY MARKET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent article on the prospect of the money market (to which every thoughtful business man must give heed) speaks of the Secretary's liability from a call for payment of the three per cent. certificates, as if he could only pay them out of his general balance, proceeds of gold sold, etc. He now holds (July Statement) \$28,000,000 currency, and would still have a considerable surplus for relief of market after payment of his September pension list, without sales of gold.

But do you understand that the Secretary is no longer empowered to issue in payment of the three per cents the surplus, or reserve greenbacks provided for, in view of such a tight place, in the act creating the "Threes?" These unissued legals, as I understand, do not appear, and have never appeared in the debt statement. In the new Currency, Bank, Tax acts, or in some unexpected corner of the statutes, this power may have been rescinded; and if so, your answer in print will greatly oblige the writer, and enlighten many business men who entertain the view I have given.

Possibly, your view is that the Secretary would only avail himself of this authority of new and further issue (expansion) in the last extremity, as he is hopefully regarded as facing (not advancing) toward contraction. But my question is what he *may* do; for after his responses to the currency pinch of June, 1869, and the gold panic of September last, I care to hear no more of a Secretary so inflexible that he yields to no pressure. There is no satisfaction in contemplating the loss of time and of interest, paid, when the whole theory of contracting by Compounds was abandoned in the creation of the "Threes," with this power of reissue of plain legals. But in taxation and finance we must learn to possess our souls in patience.

Respectfully,

F. O. TRENCH.

Boston, August 6, 1870.

[Neither in the "new Currency, Bank, Tax acts," nor in any "unexpected corner of the statutes," have we discovered any rescinding of the power formerly granted to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 50 or 75 millions of new greenbacks to redeem the three per cent. certificates in case of need. As far as Congress has the power to give the authority, he certainly has the authority to issue them. But there are two reasons why he is not likely to avail himself of this authority, to which we

shall refer below. The first question raised by our correspondent is as to the Secretary's ability to redeem the three per cents from his ordinary resources. We never asserted that it would be *impossible* for him to do so. But we did assert that he might find it extremely difficult. The \$30,000,000 of currency which he now holds are not entirely at his disposal. He has an overdue debt, liable to immediate presentation, of over \$4,000,000. He cannot, without extreme danger, allow his working balance to run below \$10,000,000. This would apparently leave him \$24,000,000 for purposes of redemption. But it is not known how large or how small a portion of this balance consists of legal tenders, which can alone be used for the payment of the certificates. Supposing that only \$4,000,000 of his balance (considered a low estimate) consists of national bank-notes, and that otherwise his daily receipts are fully equal to his daily outgoes, that would leave him \$20,000,000 of greenbacks to redeem \$46,000,000 of three per cents. We are far from anticipating serious trouble from this source, but, as our correspondent well observes, "it behooves every thoughtful business man to give heed" to a danger to which, from long habit and continued immunity, we have grown indifferent, but which, under the action of the reckless new Currency Bill, has assumed an entirely new and far more threatening aspect.

We are glad our correspondent has referred to what is called the unissued greenback reserve, and we will now give our reasons for saying that the Secretary will not avail himself of it even in case of the most urgent need. In the first place, it would be inflation of the worst kind, and in direct contradiction to the spirit of the law. The three per cents are cancelled as new national bank-notes are issued against them, the one being supposed to offset the other. But if the national bank-notes are issued, and then the three per cents redeemed in new greenbacks, the currency would be increased by the total amount of new greenbacks issued—the very thing which the law sought to avoid. In the next place, unless we are very much mistaken, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the issue of greenback legal tenders in 1862 was unconstitutional, and, until that decision is revoked, it is fair to presume that the issue of greenback legal tenders in 1870 would be considered unconstitutional likewise. There is, it is true, a theory that these 50 millions of legal tenders are really issued, although unused, and that to *use* them now would not be to *issue* them. But, apart from the transparent dishonesty of such an argument, it is not likely that "a Secretary who yields to no pressure" would venture on such dangerous ground. Let no one, therefore, underestimate the danger, such as it is, from the three per cents in the belief that there are any unissued greenbacks to fall back upon.

Since our article on the future of the money market was written, the New York banks have (as far as the recent repeated muddles in their statement enable us to judge) lost \$14,500,000 of their coin and about \$1,500,000 of their greenback reserve, and have curtailed their loans only a little over \$4,000,000. Money—that is, bank credit—of course continues abundant, and there is nowhere the slightest fear of stringency. Nevertheless, we repeat our warning, to the effect that the banks are entering upon a fall season subject to more than ordinary vicissitudes, in a spirit of unwarranted confidence, and in a condition of expansion which, under existing laws, is full of risk to themselves and to the whole business community.

We have received numerous letters on this subject. That of our correspondent above gives the views of most of them, and our answer to him must serve for all.—ED. NATION.]

"YALE COLLEGE AND ITS GOVERNMENT"—"COLLEGE TROUBLES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So eminently fair and truth-loving a paper as the *Nation* cannot espouse so warmly in its editorial and correspondence the conservative side of an important question without allowing the other side to be heard. I therefore ask permission to reply to "M. A." and your editorial on "College Troubles" in the issue of August 4.

Without trying to emulate the attempted severity of "M. A.," or seeking "a fair chance for a laugh," I will address myself directly to the question at issue between the younger graduates and yourself and "M. A."

This I can well afford to do, feeling assured that Mr. W. W. Phelps, whose love for "Alma Mater," manifested not only by securing large gifts from relatives, but doubtless to be still further testified by munificent donations in the future, is such that he can rest easy under the severities of "M. A.," especially as he knows that he represents the opinions of an overwhelming majority of graduates of the last fifteen years. And these are the men who can help Yale.

Let us notice "M. A.'s" points in order, and incidentally your own remarks.

1. "M. A." says the present authorities of Yale College have not opposed the admission of the alumni to a share in the government. If not, what is the debate about? If the authorities are in favor of it, why is it not adopted? Who opposes it? Certainly not the alumni. Is it not clear that the authorities of Yale are opposed to it? "M. A." makes it clear that he is.

2. "M. A." regrets that the alumni are not organized to aid the College. Let me assure him that if the worthiest of them are to be snubbed for daring to speak what most think, he will not get as much aid as he would like, or as we, who love Yale and wish it success, ardently desire.

3. "M. A." places full confidence in the qualifications of the clerical members for their office, "who have guarded the funds of the college with unexampled success," and declares they will "not abdicate their rights, and hand over the institution to those who think themselves wiser." You, Mr. Editor, editorially say these clergymen "do whatever the Faculty pleases," that is, that they are mere figure-heads, the real government being the Faculty. "M. A." also says "the Faculty have a larger measure of control over Yale's management than is the case in most other colleges." Well, to say nothing of the inconsistency of these positions, it is a doubtful compliment to the "six Congregational clergymen" to say they are fit for such an office. If that is all the corporation amounts to (for no one seems to defend the retention of the ex-officio Connecticut State senators), would it not be best to dispense with it altogether, and let the Faculty, the real government, be represented as the authorities? Here is another case where the conservatives play fast and loose. Indeed, it is well understood that the six Congregational ministers are kept because they "do whatever the Faculty wish," at least what certain members of it wish.

4. But "M. A." says: "The clerical members of the corporation are the representatives of the founders." In what way? In doing whatever the Faculty pleases? In what sense? In a legal, historic, or poetic sense? In what possibly useful way can a minister, as such, better represent in a legal corporate body the founders, to say nothing of more recent and munificent donors, such as Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Chittenden, and Mr. John Jay Phelps, than a judge, a first-class lawyer, or business man? If clergymen are to control colleges in these altered days because they helped to found them, then a parity of reasoning would prove that many great universities ought to be now ruled by monks and Catholic priests.

The sneer about "young lawyers" comes not only with good grace from "M. A.," as directed against one of Yale's best friends, and a man whose sound judgment controls the largest interests, but is again consistent with his own advocacy of young professors at Yale!

Can any living man tell why a college like Yale, which wishes the support and sympathy of the whole country, should receive whatever advice its Faculty may wish from six ordinary Congregational ministers and the ex-officio State senators who represent a State that has remembered to forget Yale College?

5. "M. A." is afraid of the analogy of Harvard College. He says that many of the alumni of Yale are closely connected with other colleges, and therefore should not govern Yale. Pray, is not this true of Harvard's alumni also? Would not such alumni have the good sense not to attempt to govern Yale? Are they not so few in number that they could not, if they would?

6. Yale is not going to get the help she needs till these things are changed. She will not get it from "M. A.'s" plan of raising the price of tuition, and so putting a burden upon poor students or driving them to other colleges. A course at New Haven is expensive now.

You seem, Mr. Editor, yourself to think Young Yale does not know what it wants; but it does. As Mr. Phelps says, it wants the government of Yale College outside of the Faculty, the government that appoints the Faculty lodged in some other hands than Congregational ministers of the State of Connecticut. It knows much more than it wants, but it feels sure that it will secure a large share of its wishes when the government is placed on a broader foundation. It wants the government of Yale Col-

lege to cease to be a close corporation, at least if the corporation is to be all of one kind of men. And Young Yale, which has the life and a good deal of the wealth of Yale's graduates, will have some of its reasonable wishes granted, notwithstanding the severities of "M. A." (whom most Yale graduates of the last fifteen years will recognize), or Yale College will suffer.

ALUMNUS.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THIS year's meeting of the American Philological Association, held in Rochester the last week in July, was not in all respects so successful as had been hoped and expected. The attendance of members was less than last year at Poughkeepsie. For this the atrociously hot weather was undoubtedly in no small measure to blame—journeyings and crowds and warm discussions in prospect, when the thermometer is among the nineties, have a wonderfully domesticating influence. Papers, too, were not numerous, yet enough, with the accompanying business and discussions, to occupy three days, from Tuesday noon till Friday noon. What was especially gratifying about the whole affair is that the papers were of much higher average merit than those offered at Poughkeepsie, several being of a character to command the attention and respect not only of American scholars, but even of those abroad, and to constitute real contributions to philological science. They will, it is expected, soon be printed in a volume of the Association's "Proceedings." Professor Hadley, of Yale, treated at length of the Greek accent, showing that its essential character was a variation of pitch, and that a tendency to a single favorite cadence—of high tone, middle tone, short low tone—at the end of a word, would explain all the intricate and seemingly irregular rules of Greek accentuation; while the same tendency, with a slight modification, accounted equally for the rules of Latin accent. Professor Whitney supported his explanation by an essay setting forth the parallel laws of Sanskrit accent, as deduced from the rules of the Hindu grammarians. Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, discussed a point or two of interest in Greek syntax (the construction of *οὐ μὴ* and *ὅπως μὴ* with the subjunctive), and proved to the satisfaction of the classicists present that the canons hitherto accepted concerning them were ill founded, and that European scholars had unwarrantably tampered with the texts they edited, in conforming them to those canons. Mr. Trumbull, of Hartford, read a couple of Indian papers, of which one was especially important and entertaining, as it exposed certain errors into which even such men as Duponceau and Pickering had been led and had led others as to matters in Indian grammar and lexicography, besides showing up the numerable and inexcusable blunders of pretenders like Schoolcraft. Mr. Van Name, librarian at Yale, had been prompted by Thomas's grammar of the Creole-French of Trinidad to investigate that of Louisiana and Hayti, and sent to the meeting a valuable paper of the results he had gathered. A point in the history of English verbal forms (the ending *th* or *s* in the plural, a relic of the Anglo-Saxon *ath*) was well set forth and abundantly illustrated from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mr. T. R. Lounsbury. Professor Whitney defined the present position of the enquiries touching the origin of language, calling particular attention to the question whether the first words were pushed out by the internal impulse to expression, or drawn forth by the external inducement to communication, as the question whose answer would be most fruitful of result. Dr. B. W. Dwight blew up the whole traditional system of Latin grammar, and sketched out a new system, which should better represent the results of comparative grammar. The infinitely controverted subject of Greek and Latin pronunciation was very slightly advanced by the recommendation that the Greek diphthongs *av*, *ov*, and *ev*, be uttered respectively as *ou* (in *sour*), *oo* (in *poor*), and *ew* (in *pen*), and was recommitted for further treatment next year. Professor Kendrick, of Rochester, and Haldeman and March, of Pennsylvania, were conspicuous in the various discussions which arose, and which were generally both lively and to the point. No such association, meeting in an American city, ever had to complain of a cold welcome, or of lack of hospitality; and Rochester, which had prepared itself to entertain twice as large a body as actually assembled, proved no exception to the general rule. President Anderson, of the Rochester University, did the public honors of the occasion, and acceptably, save as, in his address of welcome, he was ill advised enough to attempt to lay down for the Association the limits of what it ought and ought not to undertake. The next meeting is appointed to be held at New Haven during the last week in July, 1871.

—It is said that 75,000 copies of Disraeli's "Lothair" have been sold, while Victor Hugo's "Man who Laughs" turned out a failure. "In America," said the *Athenæum*, a while ago, "the Messrs. Appleton have printed 50,000 copies, and it is stated on the best authority that the present demand is 1,000 copies a day." The *Athenæum* goes on to administer a rebuke to the American firm for not having followed the example of Baron Tauchnitz, who bought the right to reproduce the novel for the English Continental public, and, finding it very successful, doubled the author's honorarium. It is fair to say, however, that between England and Germany there is a copyright law, and Baron Tauchnitz ran no risk. There is no copyright law between England and America; Messrs. Appleton could not be sure that there might not be a dozen other editions, more or less, on the market within three days after they had published theirs; they could buy only the doubtful privilege of two or three days' priority; and this they did buy of the English publishers, paying for it the pretty large sum of \$3,000 in gold. As it happened, they made money, for there was a good demand for the story, though heretofore the demand for Mr. Disraeli's works has been very small in America; and the reprint was not pirated. But "The Man who Laughs," for advance-sheets of which \$7,000 in gold was paid, caused a loss to the firm. Under these circumstances, it might perhaps have been munificent and grateful for the Appletons to make Mr. Disraeli or the Messrs. Longmans a present; but it would hardly have been business-like—no more so than for them to go to M. Hugo and ask back part of their unlucky \$7,000. Of course, it is wrong that Mr. Disraeli should have the product of his pains sold without any of the money reaching him. But, in this instance at least, it is our unjust general system, rather than the Messrs. Appleton, that should be blamed.

—The *Spectator*, speaking of the recent death of M. Prévost-Paradol, quotes the substance of a letter which a friend in England had recently received from him, and in which he wrote, among other things, that after seventeen years of labor as a penman, he had contracted a disgust for writing. This we take to be a common experience. We noted, the other day, in reading some letters of Dickens—to cite the case of another distinguished man recently dead—a remark to the effect that his correspondent, Lady Blessington, must know how the pen is hated by people who write much, and how bad correspondents they are, so far as regularity and frequency are concerned. The mere manual labor of driving the pen so many hours a day for so many days in the year is enough, one would say, to disgust a man with the sight of it, and the inventor of some substitute for our present means of putting words on paper would be a much-welcomed benefactor. The difficulty in Paradol's case would, however, seem to have been a weariness at the thought of travelling over again often a mind so often "travelled over before," as Doctor Johnson used to say; and this is a difficulty that journalists like Paradol are more likely to feel than other voluminous writers, it being rarely that they are not in danger of doing more mere task-work than other writers do who, if they write voluminously, yet write on topics of their free choice.

—We spoke last week about the violence of the Pope's behavior towards the opponents of his dogma of infallibility. A good many examples of this might be given, but one will be sufficient to illustrate the sort of stories that are told about him by the correspondents, and in the truth of which what is heard from private letter-writers who have spent the last few months in Rome make us ready to believe—though this particular tale we do not vouch for. Thirty-seven years ago, says a Paris letter in the *Publisher's Circular*, Father Theiner, a German Oratorian, distinguished for historical writings of a kind displeasing to the Jesuits, was summoned to Rome by Pope Gregory XVI. That Pontiff declined to put on the Index Expurgatorius the father's "History of Clement XIV.," which was published soon after the author's arrival in Rome, and which much incensed the Jesuits against him; and on the accession of the then Liberal Pius IX., in 1846, Father Theiner was made Prefect of the Archives of the Vatican—a very honorable post, but supposed to have been conferred upon him as much to paralyze his historical activity as for any other reason. This effect it did not, however, produce, and his writings have continued to give offence to the "insolent faction," as Dr. Newman calls the Society of Jesus, which is understood to have largely controlled the later action of the Pope. There was some astonishment, then, but not so much as there might have been, when it was discovered at the opening of the Council that the erudite father was put upon none of the commissions which were appointed to cut out the work of the Council. But when the bishops came to Rome

from America, France, and Germany, the learned librarian became the centre of a large circle of prelates who needed his learning, and it may safely be assumed that the managers of the new dogma looked on him jealously, not to say watched him vigilantly. Last spring, whether sent out or going of his own accord, Father Theiner left Rome. Probably, it is said, he went of his own accord. After some months' absence he not long since returned, and discovered that his removal from office had been decided upon, and that, after more than thirty years' possession of them, he was to give up the keys of the archives to Monsignor Cardoni, an archbishop *in partibus*, who is a fanatical supporter of the Jesuit policy. Father Theiner was sent for by the Pope, who immediately on his entering the room called out to him in a high irritated voice. "On thy knees, *frate*," said the Holy Father; "I know thee now. Thou art none of us. For mercy's sake I spared thee, and have only dismissed thee from office. Thou art no longer Prefect of the Archives; to-morrow thou wilt give the keys to Cardoni. And now be off with thee." The old gentleman thus addressed shed tears. The Pope thereupon said louder and more roughly, "Off with thee, or I shall summon one of my guard." This insulting violence put some energy into Father Theiner, who said, "I will not leave the room, and you shall summon no one until you tell me the crime which you use as a pretext to dismiss me from office." "I am not obliged to render thee an account of my actions," said the Pope in reply, "but I will tell thee; firstly, thou didst furnish unknown works and documents to combat my dogma to those asses (*semmi*) of the opposition; secondly, thou gavest advice and information to Rauscher, Schwarzenberg, Youssouf, and that miserable Croat (*Croatino*) Grossmayer; thirdly, thou didst communicate documents of the Archives to that rascal of an Acton (*a quel briccone Actonuccio*), who licked my boots, while at the same time he feasted the opposition bishops; and, what is more and worse, you let him enter and work at pleasure in the Archives." Father Theiner replied to this tirade that, on his honor as a priest, he had communicated unknown documents to no human being; that to Lord Acton—whom the Jesuits hate as a sort of lay leader of opposition to the dogma—he had communicated none but such documents as had been indicated by the Holy Father through Cardinal Antonelli; and, finally, he remarked that, as he was not a bishop, he was not called upon to express an opinion for or against the dogma of infallibility. The Pope was less violent after this reply, but nevertheless repeated, "Thou art not one of us, and thou canst not remain in the Archives." A shallow scoffer may hope that the Supreme Pontiff is not an infallible standard of manners also as well as of faith and morals.

—The Schema of the dogma will appear translated into English in the next number of the *Catholic World*, and a digest of it may be of some interest to our readers. "Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God," declares in the general preamble that, seeing that the powers of hell, with a hatred that increases every day, strive to overthrow the foundations of the church, he ("we") therefore has judged it necessary to set forth the doctrine which, according to the ancient and constant faith of the universal Church, all the faithful must believe "touching the institution, the perpetuity, and the nature of the Apostolic primacy in which stands the power and strength of the entire Church." And he begins by laying down the true doctrine touching the institution of the Apostolic primacy in Simon Peter. "We teach therefore and declare," says he, "that according to the testimony of the Gospel, the primacy of jurisdiction was promised and given immediately and directly to Blessed Peter the Apostle, by Christ our Lord." Here he quotes Matthew xvi. 16-19—the well-known passage declaring Peter the rock on whom the church of Christ should be built, and promising him that what he should bind or loose on earth should be bound or loosed in heaven. Further, he quotes John xxi. 15-17—the passage adjuring Peter to "feed my lambs." And if any one shall say that it was not to Peter directly, but to the Church directly, and to Peter only as the agent of the Church, that this primacy of jurisdiction was given; or if any one shall say that Peter alone among all the other apostles, whether taken separately one by one, or all together conjointly, was endowed with this primacy of jurisdiction; or if any one shall say that Peter had bestowed upon him not a primacy of jurisdiction but one of honor merely, and was but *primus inter pares*—why, let such person be anathema.

—In the second chapter, the Pope asserts it as well known that the power in question was given for the perpetual government of the Church, so it must be inherited by the successor of Peter, who, it is again well known, to this present time and at all times lives and resides in the persons of his successors the Bishops of Rome. Thus it is that in all ages and countries

it was always necessary for every other church to have recourse to the Roman Church on account of its superior headship; and if any person shall say that the Bishop of Rome is not of divine right the successor of Blessed Peter in this primacy, let him be anathema. In the third chapter, we have a definition of the power and nature of the Apostolic primacy. It confers the power of directly teaching and governing the faithful everywhere. This power is immediate, requiring no intermediary, and the pastors and faithful, of whatever rite or dignity, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, and this not only in things pertaining to faith and morals, but in things pertaining to ecclesiastical discipline. And let no man deny that such is the true doctrine of the Catholic Church, for by so doing he loses faith and salvation. And the opinions are condemned and reprobated of those who think that this full and free communion of the supreme head, or directly with the pastors and flocks, can lawfully be hindered or that it is subject to the secular power. And let any man be anathema who shall say that the Roman Pontiff holds only the charge of inspective and not of complete and absolute jurisdiction over the entire Church, not only in all matters of faith and morals but also in all the things that pertain to the government of the Church throughout the world. So, too, let every man be anathema who shall say that the Roman Pontiff's power in this regard is not his in full plenitude, or that he cannot exercise it, without an intermediary, over each and every one of the faithful.

—The fourth chapter is the last, and asserts that Councils have always held the Bishop of Rome to be the head and infallible teacher of the faithful; and the infallible teachers, the Roman Pontiffs, have from time to time, to the end that they might fulfil their duty of teaching infallible truth, directed the faithful in the right way, not by promulgating new truths revealed by the Holy Ghost to the Pontiffs as successors of Peter, but by teaching what truths are really contained in the Scriptures or are conformable to them. The Pontiffs have on these occasions been in the habit of calling councils together; but the absolute headship and the absolute infallibility of the Pope, if this document does not falsify history, have always been held by the Church, and of course by these various councils. So this last Council merely enunciated what always was held for true. The weak point in the case of the supporters of the dogma was just this historical question, whether the Popes had not been so far from being held infallible personally, or speaking *ex cathedra*, that some of them had in fact been declared very fallible by some of these councils that they have from time to time graciously called. But no attempt, so far as appears to us, is made in the Schema itself to bolster it up. It ends as follows: "We teach and define to be a divinely-revealed dogma, that the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedra*—that is to say, exercising the functions of pastor and teacher of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority—whenever so speaking, he defines that a doctrine on faith and morals is to be held by the universal Church, he then, by the divine assistance promised him in Blessed Peter, enjoys that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer endowed his Church in defining doctrine on faith and morals, and consequently the decisions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not in virtue of the consent of the Church." It will be curious to see what will be the first use made of this new power—which, as Dr. Newman says, is a "luxury of faith and not a necessity," and which no one in the Church called for except "an insolent faction." To the world outside the Church the case would seem to be, if we understand the matter, that the Holy Ghost now has for his mouthpiece this or that Italian gentleman, instead of having a numerical majority of some hundreds of gentlemen, mostly Italians, but sprinkled with clergymen of other countries than Italy. Meantime, most modern science, most modern government, most modern sociology, most modern books, most modern educational policy, most modern "progress" and thought, are under *anathema*; and most modern men and women, we suppose, may comfortably expect to be damned to all eternity.

—Some years ago the French publishers had a custom of printing many books without a date. This system suited them better than it suited their readers, who sometimes made the disagreeable discovery that their "new edition" was a work twenty years old. The remonstrances of such authorities as Quérard and Brunet brought about a change. Nevertheless, some printers still persist in it, or something worse, and a notable example of this persistence is furnished in Bescherelle's "Dictionnaire National," a work in high favor some thirty years ago, and which maintained its popularity long afterwards; for in 1861 it had reached its ninth edition, and, we believe, is now in its fifteenth. It was with some surprise that a happy possessor learned from his "nouvelle édition de 1863" that the French

Emperor was still a prisoner at Ham! Under the heading "Ham" he read, "Où est en ce moment le Prince Louis Napoleon, depuis 1840." Continuing his researches, further examination showed that the Garnier edition of Bescherelle for 1870 is identical with that of 1843-1846.

DRAPER'S CIVIL WAR.*

WE cannot say in praise of the present volume that it is a great addition to our war history; but we acknowledge the comprehensive view that overlooked the field, and think it matter for regret, rather than fault-finding, that all the details of the great panorama could not have been better made out. From the emancipation proclamation to the end of the war is the ground that the author seeks to compass at his last look; Vicksburg and the campaigns that followed in the West, and Gettysburg and the subsequent struggles of the army of the Potomac with Lee. Of the Western campaign Dr. Draper says, with a touch of his peculiar rhetoric, but not untruly, that "there is something grand in the conception and execution of it. Its combinations are exceedingly picturesque, and its incidents alternately offer enough for disaster and glory. The brilliant movement of the army of the Tennessee on Vicksburg, the siege and capture of that fortress, the march of the army of the Cumberland to Chattanooga, the seizure of that portal into the South Atlantic States, the overthrow of Rosecrans at Chickamauga, the famine, the transfer of Hooker's troops from the Rapidan to the Tennessee (more than a thousand miles) in a week, the coming up of Sherman from the Big Black, the battle of Chattanooga, the planting of the national flag on the crest of the Alleghenies at Lookout, the expulsion of the Confederates from the fastnesses of those mountains, the wintry march of Sherman to Knoxville, and the raising of the siege of that place—these furnish the materials of a romantic and noble story." But what the author realizes with such fulness of detail he does not in his narrative convey little by little to our understanding. Badeau, with full particulars, or Swinton, with rapid summary, will better satisfy the curiosity or sympathy that may be aroused by Dr. Draper's somewhat unreal sketch.

A history which is not always animated or picturesque should have the merit of correctness if it is to win a high rank; but here, too, Dr. Draper sometimes fails. Unfortunately, we cannot tell on what authorities he relies, since he gives us no references, stating only that he has depended on official and newspaper reports, and on what he has personally learned from some of the chief participants in the war. The battle of Gettysburg is perhaps the most familiar act of the Eastern drama, and we therefore choose this campaign as a test of the author's patience and skill in gathering and arranging facts. We notice first that he has not informed himself in regard to the cavalry operations on either side before and during Lee's invasion. He passes by the battle of Beverly Ford, recognizing it only as "a cavalry reconnaissance," though it was the best contested and most sanguinary engagement fought by mounted troops during the war. He constantly recurs to the fact that Lee detached his cavalry after his invasive march toward the Potomac began, and he calls it "a fatal error," and says that Lee "thereby deprived himself of his military eyes;" but there was a credit due for this on the Union side which it is completely forgotten to bestow. "Stuart's cavalry," the author says, "having watched the passage of the Potomac by Hooker's army, kept on his right, intercepting many wagons and a number of officers." Unhappily for Lee, it is true that Stuart was in this anomalous position, rendering this ignoble service; but he came to be there in spite of himself. Far from watching the passage of the Potomac by Hooker's army, he was defending himself as he could from the Union cavalry in Loudon Valley, Pleasanton holding him in check there till the army of the Potomac had crossed into Maryland, when it kept between Stuart and Lee until the fight began at Gettysburg. There is no feature of the campaign more important than this; Lee bewails it, as Meade rejoices in it; and it is a pity to overlook it in following the movements of that time. "At Chambersburg Lee paused, impatiently expecting intelligence from the Northern cities"—of riots and uprisings. "When he moved from Chambersburg, it was with irresolution. . . . Was it for him to consort with such base allies as were proffering their aid in New York? . . . The traditions of his own house clouded his intellect and paralyzed his arm." Lee says nothing of all this. When he found himself at Chambersburg, "no report," he tells us, "had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information. . . . The march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would

* "History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D." In three vols. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

have been had the movements of the Federal army been known." We incline to believe that it was not the traditions of his own house so much as the want of Stuart's cavalry that paralyzed Lee's arm.

In the account of the fight on the second day at Gettysburg, when Sickles's corps was driven back, the author omits to tell how opportunely and gallantly General Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, came to the rescue after a long march, as resolute and more difficult than Blücher's to Waterloo. Dr. Draper cannot draw pictures—battle-pieces, that is—but if he could, Sedgwick coming on the field would be a capital subject, jogging calmly up to the confusion on the ridge, and ordering his troops not to form brigades, to "pitch in by regiments." On the third day, "unprotected, but unflinching, Pickett's column came over the valley, slippery with the last night's rain. . . . Almost a hundred guns, from Cemetery Hill to the Round Top, quiveringly awaited the word." Guns when discharged recoil, but can hardly be said to quiver; and certainly nothing can be firmer than a waiting gun; it would serve for a simile of repose. And as (so we are assured) there was no rain until the third day at Gettysburg, the author might as well have said of the valley that it was dusty with the long summer drought. He admits that Pickett's charge was not supported by guns or troops. "'Why don't the guns support them?'" was anxiously asked on the Confederate side, and with intense curiosity on the national; and, he adds, "not only was Lee not informed of the exhaustion of his ammunition—he did not know of Ewell's dislodgment from the foot of Culp's Hill." Yet in the face of these admissions, and in the light of the general conviction among military men that Pickett's charge was a mad enterprise needing a miracle to help it out, Dr. Draper makes bold to say of it: "In a few moments the question was to be settled whether slavery or freedom should be master on this continent." Granting that the charge had succeeded, a victory for Lee at Gettysburg would not have followed as a matter of course, and if it had, it is a long jump to the conclusion that slavery would thus have been made master on this continent. The author might as well have said that the creation would not have been completed if the six days had not sufficed; but the dictum is characteristically rhetorical, and we are not surprised to find the root of it a few lines on: Pickett was defeated, Lee had determined to retreat, and the opportunity occurs to say, "Freedom was master on the continent."

It remains only to touch on Dr. Draper's critical power in military affairs. He does but little in this direction, offering almost no criticism of strategy or tactics on either side, or analysis of the genius or success of the chief generals. But he shows a certain breadth of view here as in other phases of his subject, distinguishing the cardinal merits or defects by the total result. Some of his critical comments are very bald or speculative, as, for instance, when he says after Gettysburg: "Night and day the retreat was pressed on—a march of men mailed in mud. . . . The rain was almost blinding. What would have become of the army of Northern Virginia had Grant and Sheridan been here?" There was mud on our side too, and as Lee had mountain passes behind him, it is very likely that Grant or Sheridan would have chosen Meade's flank pursuit. After Chancellorsville we meet with this: "To the mind of an unprofessional observer it may, however, occur that traces of influences which have hitherto escaped being brought plainly into view, are here and there to be detected. The campaign of Chancellorsville will, perhaps, for many years—perhaps for ever—remain one of the mysteries of the American civil war." We are quite in the dark as to what this means; it seems to us that the value of the first part of the paragraph would be the same if the words were all transposed, as Thackeray tumbled about a meaningless sentence in one of Bulwer's plays. But in a large way, and with a large theme, the author has more freedom. In a comparison of the invasive movements of the war, he points out that the Confederate invasions were mere sorties, short-lived and full of disaster, while the army of the Potomac persisted in its forward movement through Virginia until Lee surrendered, as Grant pushed on till Vicksburg was his, and Sherman never turned back from Chattanooga to Washington. It would make the world considerate of the shortcomings of the North to remember that it was our hard task to succeed in the aggressive warfare which baffled the South; and we wish that some capable strategist would go a little further than Dr. Draper has, and analyze some of the generalship on each side. It would have been instructive to his readers if he had shown, as he might well have done, that Lee, the most renowned general of the South, owed most of his success to the errors of the Northern leaders who opposed him. It can be readily made out, we think, that he won no important victory which cannot be distinctly traced to the utter folly of his antagonist. He drove McClellan across the peninsula because McClellan sought safety for his

army in a new base rather than how he might defeat, and in turn drive back, his pursuer. He fought with success against Pope, because Pope's army was divided against itself, and there was no element of victory within his lines. At Harper's Ferry it is written in characters, mountain high, that the post cannot be defended by human valor except on the surrounding heights, yet the large garrison left them to the easy occupation of Lee's troops.

Lee's Maryland campaign was a grievous calamity; but the Antietam battle may be called a victory for Lee, since McClellan did not drive him from the field. On our side, we so set that battle in array that Lee had only to strip one part of his line to resist the attacks on another part. We made a brave fight on our right, and slew many there, and many of ours were slain, but our centre and left stood fast meantime, much to the comfort of Lee. At Fredericksburg we assailed, with unheard-of ardor and devotion, the rocky heights of St. Mary's, which, to have mounted and held, might have made us famous for ever; but on the left more than thirty thousand of our men remained almost still, though in their front were no rocks or heights, and a mere reconnoissance by one division broke through the enemy's line. At Chancellorsville we lost ourselves in the woods. The larger part of our army sat down beneath the trees, and wonderingly heard that Stonewall Jackson had set off for a flank movement on our right. We did not attack Lee in his absence; and soon Jackson attacked and almost annihilated us. While we slowly recovered from this misadventure, Sedgwick, with a smaller part of our army, gloriously took St. Mary's heights on the left, but, a few hours later, advancing to make a junction with the right, he was crushed by overwhelming numbers hurled against him from Chancellorsville, where our troops, benumbed by want of leadership, lay idle hearers, almost spectators, of this tragedy. On the peninsula Lee ended his fruitless pursuit of McClellan with a great defeat at Malvern Hill. He permitted the armies of Burnside and Hooker to retire at leisure across a difficult river after the bloody disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. And at Gettysburg he nearly ruined the army that was the mainstay of the Confederacy. After that, all his great battles were defensive; and in most of them he but showed how well he could stand at bay.

Having in our former notices spoken of Dr. Draper's philosophy, we say nothing of it here, though his book terminates with a treatise on the result of the war and the future of the Republic, and a résumé of the scientific theories to which he devoted the earlier part of his work. This volume being dedicated almost exclusively to campaigns and battles, we speak of it only in its military aspect. We have not refrained from saying that the author lacks some of the qualifications for a military historian; but we have not intended to disparage his ability nor to make light of the difficulties that he had to encounter. His book, as a whole, will edify a large public indifferent to military criticism and accuracy of military detail.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

THE most widely attractive article in the new *North American* will probably be Mr. Henry Adams's "Session," which reviews the recent doings of Congress and the Administration, and impartially scalps everybody all round.

To begin with, the President's mind "rarely acts from any habits of wide generalization;" he executes with great energy ideas that come to him one by one; he is capable of receiving and assimilating new ideas, and is free from inveterate prejudices, and he is in the main sensible and practical, and he is thoroughly honest; but when used by clever rascals, or by incompetent honest men of fixed ideas, the executive energy of the President is often simply disastrous. His notions of civil government being crude, and his ideas of political economy being those of a feudal monarch of a thousand years ago, it was of the highest consequence that he should surround himself with skilled and wise advisers, and especially that his Secretary of the Treasury should be a man of real abilities, of comprehensive mind, and of wide acquirements in politico-economical science, especially in finance.

But is Mr. Boutwell such a man? What is Mr. Adams's opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury he has before now let us know. He adds a little here, however, to the picture drawn before. General Grant, at the time of his accession, as we have seen, was not very well instructed as regards civil government. That, of course, the people had not expected of him. But, on the other hand, he was perfectly ready to be taught, and peculiarly open to new ideas. His Secretary of the Treasury, the holder of the most important position among the President's advisers, had no capacity at all for teaching; even if he had, he knew little or nothing of the work to be

done, and had very little patience with any knowledge not narrowly practical—was a man who “believed in common-schools, and not in political science; in ledgers and cash-books, but not in Adam Smith or Mill; as one might believe in the multiplication table, but not in Laplace or Newton.” The President—who afterwards, by the way, lobbied earnestly for the San Domingo treaty—announced that he had, and would have, no policy; even Mr. Boutwell—who has since worked like a beaver at paring down the national debt—announced that he, too, had no policy, and, “even more persistently than the President, attempted to govern on the theory that government was no concern of his. Other persons in a similar position would commonly have leaned either to the theorists on one side, or to so-called practical men on the other, but Mr. Boutwell treated both with the same indifference. He had all the theorists in Europe and America to choose from, but he did not listen to their teachings. He had all the practical men in the country at his service, but he did not follow their advice. He had all the best members of the Legislature to depend upon, but he did not desire their assistance. He had a costly and elaborate machinery maintained by the country to furnish him with any information he might require, but Mr. Boutwell never required information. Nay, it seems from published papers almost certain that Mr. Boutwell, sitting twice a week in consultation with his colleagues in the cabinet, cannot have controlled their measures nor even discussed his own. The President himself at the time of his Message could hardly have been consulted by the Secretary.” The American Nicholas Vansittart is Mr. Adams’s name for our present Secretary.

Next, Mr. Adams addresses himself to the Senate, but more particularly to Mr. Sumner and to Mr. Conkling, who is factiousness personified. “Mr. Conkling’s most brilliant triumph was over the Census Bill. Here he had a threefold victory, and it would be hard to say which of the three afforded him the keenest satisfaction. Single-handed, he attacked Mr. Sumner, the Executive, and the House, and routed them all in most disastrous confusion”—the pleasing and admirable thing about his victory being much the same as the pleasing and admirable thing about his more recent victory over Mr. Fenton; he did a thing hurtful to the true interest of the country, or of very doubtful utility, and gratified his own feelings.

In general, however, Mr. Adams’s quarrel is not with individual Senators, but with the arrogance and self-seeking of the Senate as a body. In the Senate chamber is more plainly seen than in the Senate and House conjoined, that spirit which in the last decade or half-decade has impelled the legislative part of the government to attack and partly destroy the constitutional powers of the Executive and the judiciary. Particularly telling is the account of the attack which Attorney-General Hoar, backed by the Senate, to the astonishment of the greater part of the country and the grief of his best wishers, made upon the Supreme Court. Mr. Adams puts this unfortunate affair in a very clear light, and it is much to be wished that influential journals everywhere, of whatever party, should lay his account of the fight before the public. Things looked bad enough for the court during the impeachment trial; but the hasty outcries of minor politicians and weak-headed partisans are not to be compared with the deliberate and avowed intent of the Senate and the strenuous assault of a man like the late Attorney-General. An appeal to the people—it is one comfort—would have made short work of the assailants.

We have not space to speak particularly of the rest of this very interesting and forcible paper, against which, to be sure, the plausible, and indeed we should say just, complaint may be made that some small part of the interest it possesses is in virtue of the gratification which is always afforded by clever and fierce attacks on official personages high in place; and that it is too unmitigatedly and severely fault finding and critical. We do not know that, in point of fact, all that is urged is not true. We are sure, however, that there are things to be said on the other side which it would have been well to have at least shadowed forth, because they are shadowily present in the mind of the reader, and throw it into an attitude of incredulity. What, for instance, but the war and its legacy—what but things unexampled and not much to be apprehended—made possible (as did they not make necessary?) much of the dangerous tampering with the Constitution which the last ten years have witnessed? Is there not a reaction this moment going on in the direction of greater popular respect for the fundamental law? We incline towards that belief. And, to insist a little longer on our point against Mr. Adams’s essay, should not one say, when he makes against the average legislator—civil-service reformer or opponent of civil-service reform—the charge of having voted power into the hands of a vast railroad corporation which soon will surpass in influence many States—should not one suggest the very great

popular ignorance of the nature and power of these corporations? People are beginning to wake up to the possibilities of their future; and, as in Illinois recently, they begin to wake up to some purpose.

However, make all abatements that it may occur even to captiousness to make, and this essay is excellently worth the attention of reflecting readers. Most such, let us add, will, we think, be a little surprised at Mr. Adams’s assertion, that there is a pretty distinct, tacit admission among Americans—statesmen, politicians, or what not—that the *Alabama* claims will remain open till a way is clear for the Canadians to come into the Union. Mr. Adams says little more on this head than that time will prove him right in his statement. That may be; but we are strong in the belief that this scheme is not now in the minds of the people at large.

Mr. Lowell’s very pleasant essay on Chaucer is the lightest and most readable and pleasing in the list of contents, and is, of course, very much better than light and readable and pleasing, being admirable and instructive criticism of the poet. And of other poets, too, for the *trouvères* and troubadours and their works come in for detailed remark, and so Chaucer’s English predecessors and contemporaries. We make room for a few lines which close the essay and give the tone of it:

“If character may be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly with God and men. I know not how to sum up what we feel about him better than by saying (what would have pleased most one who was indifferent to fame) that we love him more even than we admire. We are sure that here was a true brother-man, so kindly that, in his House of Fame, after naming the great poets, he throws in a pleasant word for the caten-pipes

“Of the little herd-grooms
That keepen beasts among the brooms.”

No better inscription can be written on the first page of his works than that which he places over the gate in his Assembly of Fowls, and which contrasts so sweetly with the stern lines of Dante from which they were imitated:—

“Through me men go into the blissful place
Of the heart’s heal and deadly wounds’ cure;
Through me men go unto the will of Grace,
Where green and lusty May doth ever endure;
This is the way to all good adventure;
Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow offcast,
All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast!”

Other articles in this number of the *North American* are these: Karl Blind talks—in an inconclusive way; and with a sort of unfairness, the unfairness of the fanatic and of the man destitute of historic imagination—about “Luther and the Early German Struggles for Freedom.” Luther did not do Mr. Blind’s special work, nor accomplish all Mr. Blind’s desires, nor did he do nineteenth-century things; but regret or wrath as regards his performance is surely out of place in any of us of to-day. Surely it must be a good rule for us to keep, that as for all past history, we acquiesce in it without reserve, but will fight, and be angry, and sorrowful, and strenuous as we please about the history of to-day in which we live and which we help to shape. Mr. C. C. Perkins writes about “American Art Museums” in what seems to us a very practical way. Mr. Simeon Newcomb, who is an authority, has for a subject “The Labor Question.” Mr. J. B. Hodgskin is as vigorous and incisive and clear as ever in the expression of some views which will, perhaps, give most people pause for a little while—upon the nature of currency, and the history, retrospective and prospective, of our currency. Finally, Mr. W. A. P. Martin really wins a high medal in journalism pure and simple, by being interesting and fresh—not on one, though that would have been sufficient, but—on two of the confessedly dry subjects of contemporary writing—namely, competitive examinations in China, as bearing on our civil-service reform.

The book reviews are, without exception, of a high order—useful and creditable to readers and writers of them, and not without value, most of them, to the authors under review. They comment on the following works: Lea’s “Studies in Church History;” Yonge’s “English-Greek Lexicon;” Hettner’s “Literature of the Eighteenth Century;” Newman’s “Grammar of Assent;” Brackett’s “Historical French Grammar;” “Provincial Acts and Resolves of Massachusetts Bay” (Vol. I.); Bowen’s “Political Economy;” and half-a-dozen books of comparative grammar, in which the principles of that science are applied by various scholars, English, French, and Irish, to Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, German, and English.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Colange (L.), Zell’s Popular Encyclopedia, No. 38, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell) \$0 50
Macdonald (G.), Robert Falconer: a Tale.	(Loring)
Robinson (F. W.), True to Herself: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Summing up of John Graham on the Trial of Daniel McFarland, swd.	(Townsend & Adams)
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Part XXX, swd.	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Trolope (A.), Caesar’s Commentaries.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00

